To Leave & To Follow

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To Leave & To Follow

by EmrysRealmskip

Summary

*HIATUS due to mental health * hopeful getting back to this soon! Thank you. *

Sequel to “ To Come When Called “ loosely based off of season 3.

Will wakes from his coma, aching with the distance from his alpha. Will he follow the cannibalistic man to wherever he roams? Or will he put the past behind him, or die trying...

We were supposed to leave

BLACK.

It swarms, engulfs, it's without noise, just a blank space between his ears...Where his hollow head lies empty. Dead.

The burning of a blade shines through, red light behind his eyes, and the singe of tasteless pain. The smell of iron and rust.

Then, his eyes open to papers. They float everywhere, like oversized snowflakes, drifting all over... His vision shifts, like optical zoom in a lens to quick to follow or trace, lines of light lead away to...

Hannibal's office. And it is alight with the flicker of the robust fire, the kidling crackling, spitting and illuminating a hospital bed in the center of the room, replacing the dark-wooded desk. Bloodstains have saturated through the bedding, fluid bags, and machinery hover over the once-white sheets. It's empty. Abandoned.

Will's eyes move from surface to surface before he attempts bending down to pick up a sheet, even as more rain down... Blue eyes scan the poster.

WANTED: MURDER: Dr. Hannibal Lecter, Age 49, Considered to be extremely dangerous, Last seen in Baltimore, Maryland.

A sickening swell of fear fell over his somehow upright body...

Pain erupts in his gut at the sound of his mate's voice, so close to his ear, " When we've gone from this life, I will always have this place..." Hannibal's voice sounds different, pained...He should have seen the signs. " My palace is vast, even by medieval standards." Will can feel

the ache in his abdomen grow with each word, he can feel the heat of Hannibal's tongue flick across the shell of his ear.

"The foyer is the Norman Chapel in Palermo, severe and beautiful, and timeless... A single reminder of mortality: a skull graven in the floor." He looks to his side, finally able to freely move, but now, black smoke replaces what he was too afraid to look at; too afraid to see.

Will looks to the floor beneath his feet. Each scattered sheet of paper littering the floor, making one large picture, a skull.

* * *

Will's eyes slowly flutter open. He gasps, wincing as air is drawn into his rib cage. With his vision blurry, he starts to take in his surroundings... He squints.

The beeping of machines hits his all too sensitive ears as a figure approaches, " How do you feel?" Will tries to look up, teeth clenched. A man in a lab coat-like material hovers over him, clipboard in hand.

" Thirsty." His tongue was deadly dry, it was even hard to form words. The man, who he assumed was a doctor, lifted a cup with a small straw to his lips. He skirted the staw around with his tongue finally winning the silly game and taking the first swig of cool water. It settled him, he blinked hard, he wasn't in Hannibal's office anymore...He was in a Hospital.

And he didn't die.

The doctor's eyes dart to the door's threshold as he puts the cup back down. " Feel well enough for a visitor?" He smiles and then exits through the door. It's left open, Will tried to crane his neck to see out it... but doesn't see a thing until his visitor enters.

Alana Bloom.

She stands on the threshold still, pale, and in-hospital clothing, a stitched cut on her neck, angry and red. Relife and something else flows through him.

She's alive.

Her smile, and ruffled bed head light up the room, her body moving slowly to Will's bedside. Her eyes looked real yet vacant as her lips began to move and pour out a semblance of sounds that fell on his ears, brain working on overdrive to decrypt it like he was regressed into a vegetive state still. " They told me he knew exactly how to cut me. They said it was surgical. " Will's eyes landed back on her neck, she was close but he couldn't feel her warmth. " He wanted us to live."

Will tried to move, failed, then tried again, his limbs felt nonexistent. He scoffed at the idea that Hannibal wanted anything other than her death. " He left us to die." He muttered, looking down, " He wanted you to die, Alana. And I was-" He stopped at the feeling of his limbs fuzzy, like waking up from a long sleep, chills ran through him, " I was *disposable* to him. "

He saw her hand cup his, the one with the massive IV it, but he didn't feel it...Why couldn't he *feel* it? " He gave you a chance to take it all back, and you just kept lying." Will's breath stopped at her words. Eyes widened with what was more truth than a lie.

" I-" Her hand now covered his mouth, he could feel the pressure but not the softness of her skin. He squirmed as the pressure got tighter and tighter. The machines beeped and beeped.

Why weren't the nurses coming??

" Why did you keep lying, Will?" He thrashed against her weight uselessly until her lips were at his ear, same as Hannibals's in the dream of another life. " He didn't give you an ending, not yet, He wants you to find him." Will gasps as the hand is removed. She moves back now, robotic.

Fear runs through him and all he can feel now is his mating bite *throbbing.* "After everything he's done, you would still want me to go to him?"

The thing that isn't Alana nodded like her head is on hinges where the stitches were placed. Will starts to think she's more him than her...More apart of Will's subconscious than real...So that means.

He must be having this conversation with himself. " You belong to him, Will. Do you think *this* would separate what conjoined? What is made to be whole?"

Alana's voice fades, like a soft wind in summer fleeting away from his fevered mind as his eyes shut once more, and the world is back to black.

Will awoke to the shy beeping of a machine, his own heartbeat... just the one.
His eyes flicked open for the third time, although this time, things feel different. Real. He looks down, his abdomen is stitched tight and bandaged, his eyes well up with tears.

He's gone.

" Now Mr. Graham, we have to of course deal with the fact that-" The real doctor riddled off condolences, false hopes, and last rights of his manually aborted pup. Will starts to shake, the absence setting in, the empty. " The loss of a pup is a-" More words, more eyes looking at him as the nurses assessed his condition.

" Again, we are terribly sorry for your loss, if there's anythin-"

Nothing the doc says can curb his anger, his all right rage, it carries him. Will raises his non-wire attached hand as far as he can lift it. " Leave." He gestures. He doesn't blink and waits for his command to take heed. The man just stares at him...

" But we have more to discu-"

" Now!" Will's voice isn't the pitch of an omega, it's one of pain and anguish, his voice now sounds like an alpha gone wrong.

They all scurry out and he is left to listen to the heart monitor, which then he soon detaches in a rage. He breaks down, curling into himself. Tears flooding his eyes, the sting in his gut a reminder of what he's lost. Of Who he's lost.

" You just kept lying, why did you keep lying?" The words echo, thump and bend over the hospital walls. Until he's only left with himself and the sinking realization of how alone truly he is...

* * *

It feels like weeks before he allows the hospital staff to stay longer than he previously allows. He eats his meals in utter silence and wonders why he even attempts to nourish a body without life in it. The food is bland and tasteless, he doesn't go near the jello, each bite makes him think unwanted thoughts about you know who's cooking...How good it was, even though it was people.

His mating mark burns a deep red whenever he even thinks of him. He avoids using his proper name in his thoughts, the longing has less bite that way. Still, the pain from his seemingly nearly healed wound ebbs, he refuses any more meds from his IV. Will cant feel much, but he can feel pain, he wants to, it grounds him.

One day he picks up something from just listening to the nurses as they bring him his lunch...

That Jack, luckily, is alive and well. Well..recovering. His life saved by the very alpha instinct to survive and not to remove the glass from his jugular.

They bussed about this and that while Will got stronger, until one day he heard something that just didn't sound right, didn't sound real... " Eight months? How- how is that possible?" Will asked a female, omega by the smell of her, she tilted her head shyly, holding her clipboard to her chest.

" Mr. Graham you were in a coma-"

" A what?" The shock of being away for *him* so long now made sense, the pain in his neck, the stirring in his gut... He'd been away from his alpha for too long. It was making him sick.

" A coma." She says again, even softer like Will would pounce on her if he had the chance. He wouldn't..Would he?

Will grits his teeth, " Yes I know what that is I was just-" He ran a hand through his long-wait what- his curls felt heavier than normal, he sat up and they fell around his neck. " I didn't feel that long."

The nurse nodded and turned away, but before she steps out completely she turns and looks at him, " There's someone here to see you if you-" She pauses, " If you up for it."

Will nods, it would be good to see a familiar face. But the face is not one he expects it to be...

" Chiton, shit, what happened to you?" Will almost laughs seeing the man hobble with a cane over to his bed, a large bouquet of flowers in hand.

" Same thing that happened to you I suppose," He doesn't laugh, but it seems like some sort of laughter would cut the tension that had arisen.

" And what's that?" Will asks, small smile, first one in a long time threatens to displace his permanent scowl. It goes back to where it belongs when Chilton speaks again.

" A psychopath got too close to me."

You're hard to forget

" A psychopath got too close to me."

The words ring in Will's ears as he stares, dumbfounded at the battered man before him, with his throat dry, he gulps, opens his mouth to reply when-

"We have some things in common, you and I. Of course in your case, the monster was in your bed." Chilton rambles off before he can get a word in. " Did you know of Dr. Lecters..." He paused adjusting his crip on his cane, shifting his weight from one foot to another, " *Extracurricular* activities, before he claimed you, or was his expertise in taking life just an aphrodisiac for you." Will's breath caught in his throat, not because it was a lie, but because it rang true. And that in itself made his blood boil.

" What are you-" His fists curled, fingernails digging half-moons into his palm.

" You know," Chilton interjects, eyes holding something like pity, a bit more off-putting. " what they teach you about crazed alphas is far from reality, " He plucked a flower from the bouquet smelling it briefly until letting float to the ground. He smiled, " It was a quiet day at BSHI, quiet. We had just gotten Gideon out of the red zone, that was until you-" He pointed at Will, his gaze grew cold. " Went off and fornicated with a cannibal."

" I didn't know-" Will blurted, sitting up fast, chest heaving. Another lie.

Fredrick laughed and clicked his tongue, Will's skin stung, his mark began to throb causing waves of heat and sparks to flow. Anger spiked in his mind, " What is your problem

Fredrick? Come here to harass the coma patient? Or do you have other things to do with your full schedule?" Will's eyes narrowed as Fredrick moved closer.

" Gideon attacked me," The beta's eyes gleamed, " Somehow he knew you where...Taken. He was what they call in normal people's world, inconsolable. He blamed me for not being able to mount you the minute you came to me for help. He broke my leg, I can still hear the snap..." Chilton's lips curled in disgust like he was reliving everything like it was fresh in his mind. " It took twelve guards to pull him off of my body. The shards of my femur narrowly missed my femoral artery. I was lucky. " His face softened some, " And so were you."

Will was beginning to think he would rather still be in a coma, locked in his head, where his decisions didn't haunt his past and future. " I wouldn't say that."

The days that came after his talk with Chilton felt like a blur, but he was getting his rhythm back, his balance. It took a while for him to try, have to drive to get better. But he missed his dogs, he missed his little boat on the sea of a house, and above all, he missed feeling...safe. But underneath it all, he knew he would never feel safe again. His mate was 'in the wind' as Jack put It. And Will, Will was left on the sideline of a disaster that was now his life.

He had visitors, Jimmy and Bev came to see him, well, tried to see him at least once a week, just to be given that ' he isn't in the mood for visitors today' speech from the nurse. He ate, slept, went to dreaded psychical therapy-even though just the word therapy spoken out loud made his mark burn- and occupied his mind with books about nature, fishing, and anything but reading Freddie Lounds columns in the news...Which there were plenty, particularly about Will. About...Him.

And above all things, he avoiding thinking about his separated half at all costs.

The days crept closer to when he could finally go home, sun up to sundown, over and over. Until..He was getting dressed in clothes that weren't designated by the hospital and didn't smell of bleach and chemicals. Although they weren't his, his clothes were cut off of him in a hurry, drenched in blood, trash.

He moved the jeans over his hips, the buttoned easily, he had lost weight, there was a gap between his hips and the seem of the pants. And the further his eyes went up, the more he begged for what he knew would be there, wouldn't be.

It was a red angry line above his navel, raised and ugly, a smile. His mind flashed to those lips, those teeth, fangs that tore into his flesh. He shivered and pulled the soft cotton shirt over his head.

His curls were messy, but better ever since his hair cut last week. He smoothed his beenie over his head and made the path to the front desk. The eyes that followed him were like hawks, they narrowed, the scanned, they penetrated. All judgment, all weary of The Chesapeake rippers last victim.

" Is that him?" One beta woman said in hushed tones to her Alpha male friend, in their hands a newspaper, Tattle Crime in big bold red letters, the title, ***' Cannibal accomplice released from hospital after coma; Is he innocent? We have answers'***

The man nodded and whispered something unable in her ear. Her eyes widened at the comment. " They what?" Will sometimes made eye contact with these gossipers to scare them, this was one of those times. He could feel a growl hitching under his chin when the woman scowled at him.

" You should be ashamed of yourself young man! " Wil snarled a quiet rumble and moved past the growing crowd. He didn't know what they all thought they knew, but its wasn't the whole truth. Not his truth. As far as anyone knew, no one, not even Jack, knew the extent of his...Participation in *His* crimes. It was better that way, better they didn't know who was to blame or why he acted the way he did. He wouldn't let anyone know him, not ever again...

" Sign here," The nurse pointed to the discharge papers, smile on her face. *She's probably glad to get rid of me*. Will thought as he scribbled with a shaky hand. He watched as the ink from the pen stained his fingers black, like motor oil.

He walked out to a herd of reporters, cameras, and people using annoying flash photography before he made it to his taxi. People tapped in his window as the car struggled to get out of the hospital parking lot.

" How does it feel to cheat the system!" A woman yelled, kicking up soil from the ground.

" Get bent cannibal fucker!" A loud voice boomed before a man with a massive protester sign hurled his body at the car.

This would be a long, long ride home to WolfTrap...

Dr. Fell was easy enough to find if you were a person who knew how to navigate the Paris art scene. He was an alpha, but a bachelor, a man who frequented social gatherings and soirees. All he had to do was go to the right one, follow the man back to his flat, and take what he wanted.

It wasn't a thrilling as Hannibal hoped it would be, taking his life. It felt robotic, gleeless, dull. but still, it was necessary, the position that he held or rather was going to hold at the Palazzo Capponi, would do nicely for Hannibal's tastes. For him to move on.

If he could.

It was that night after eating on his kills liver, a dish dashed with Brady and lemon, he finally took in the city. Back, after all those years away. He revved his motorcycles as he rode through the cobblestone laced streets. It was supposed to feel good...It didn't. His heart ached for something he couldn't and wouldn't allow it.

As the months passed, he fell into his work as the new curator, it was everything he wanted. Being around countless pieces of art and history, anything he wanted to study up close was his for the taking.

He ate on Dr. Fell for some time, tried to keep a relatively low profile, he drank expensive french wines, ate exotic truffles from Italy, and soaked in his clawfoot tub. But still, felt

different...Empty.

Hannibal tossed and turned in his bed, -the bed he acquired by murdering the home's inhabitant, a simple motion as if he was promptly taking out the trash- cold air blew on his sweat-drenched face as he twitched in sleep...

" You were supposed, to leave." Wills words hung in the air thick and repellant of all hope he had of salvaging whatever he and his mate had.

" I couldn't leave without you." A voice so horribly scared said, he could taste abandonment on his tongue, and it was foul. *" You lied to me."* Hannibal's heart constricted at the thought of his love with another. The other omegas smell rich on his skin like an insult.

" N-no I-" His love stopped speaking, the only sounds that now fell from his perfect lips were cries of agony and pain. Hannibal couldn't stop, a soon as the curve hit his mate's stomach it sunk in deep...To deep. Will reeled in his arms, clinging to him, feral mules and whines slipping from his tongue.

Fresh blood was everywhere, he cut in further, hand diving inside his mate's fragile dying body, fingers slipping within his guts. *" No, no, stop, "* He yelled, it seemed like a faraway howl. His hand sunk past Will's lungs, *" Why can't I stop, Will, please no, oh god no."* He cradled his love in his arms, slick with bodily fluids, the smell of death all around him.

Why can't I stop?

Tears bled down Will's pale cheeks as the light slipped from his eyes, Hannibal lifted the dying man, his nose buried into his neck. A new smell took heed. A different scent. His and Wills...Combined. A new life, a new soul. His and his alone. His eyes blared red.

He had just taken them both...***He would burn for this.***

Hannibal woke to the sound of his own screams, tears made his faded night vision blurry. His chest heaved, " I didn't kill him, " He told himself as he shook...

" He's alive." His fingers reached for the lamp at his nightstand, shaking hands fumbled as the light stung his weeping eyes. He got out his tablet, loading up a page he swore to not torture himself with. The pads of his fingers swiped his lock scream as he typed.

TattleCrime. com

He drew in an unsteady breath as the first of many articles pulled up...

" F.B.I profiler who woke from his own nightmare a month ago now gets to go home...The question, this reporter asks, is if that home...in fact, should be a jail cell. "

Will.

The name stung in his ears even though he didn't dare speak it out loud.

He was awake, He was alive...He didn't kill him, he knew he didn't. He purposely made sure to hold the blade in such a way that it *couldn't* slide in deeper. He would never, could never take his life...He already hates himself enough after his knee-jerk reaction to it all. Even though the vile part in him, the monster, told him to do it, that Will deserved death. He shuttered.

He swung his legs out of his tall king-size bed, rubbing his eyes with the back of his palms and stepping out onto his patio. It was just past three, the city of Florence was asleep, but he had to start planning and he knew just where to start...

As the next day rolled in, he emerged from the Palazzo Capponi, his footsteps fell heavy on the staircase leading to the busy square, he spots a familiar face.

" Hello! Bonjour!" A head of wild hair, not so unlike his mates comes over to him, Antony Dimmond is attached to it, he stands before him, eyes sharp.

Hannibals brain clicks just fast enough to engage with the man he briefly met months ago, " Antony Dimmond." He said putting on a canine smile.

He could swear the betta blushed, cheeks filling with a pink rouge. " You remembered."

" I never forget a face." Hannibal tilts his head, eyes narrowing... An opportunity striking. " And frankly, you're hard to forget."

Organ Origami

Will ran his tongue across his teeth, the food in his mouth tasted like ash and regret. But what did he have to regret? Everything up to this point was out of his hands, or so he told himself. The days were the same, feed and exercise the dogs, apply cream to his healing scar, answer phone calls from Jack asking him-or telling him rather-to come back to work...That they 'needed' him.

His reply was always the same, " I'm not the same Jack, I won't be any use to you or the bureau." It wasn't a falsehood, just maybe a play on words, on meaning.

And with all the blasts lately from Freddie Lounds, I don't think you'd want a guy like me on your team. He thought. He hadn't had the easiest time leaving his house lately let alone going back to a very public job... But still, Jack prodded, desperate it seemed.

" You're the best we got Graham, different or not, now I know this is hard for you, but-" *He really didn't.*

" I said no Jack, have a good day." He cut the alpha off, then, before he pressed to hang up, " And tell Bev and Jimmy to stop coming by the house, would ya? I'm not much good for company." He sighed and continued making his packs dinner.

There were days where he did absolutely nothing, staring at his ceiling from his bed, head hung over the side as blood rushed to his ears. But on other days he couldn't stop doing things. He was in his shed out back, clinking and clanking metal parts and broken things, convinced if he could fix just one thing, one broken amiss project he could start working on the brokenness inside him, the endless black and turmoil.

The pack would follow him wherever he would go, sniffing and nipping at his heels, Winston even learned how to fetch certain items from the toil box for him when he needed it.

" Good boy buddy," Will said as he brought back a wrench between his jaws, He ruffled the Winstons fur his coloring a mix of reddish browns and blacks, almost like a tigers. He, Zoe, Ellie, and buster played out in the newly falling snow as Will tinkered at toyed with his obsessive new hobby. He fit the parts together, the satisfaction of the finished project didn't last long, and he was on to another. Fixing things was better than the alternative, the alternative he couldn't entertain.

He rubbed the back of his hand on his forehead, the smell of grease and frozen earth surrounded him, dulling his other senses, the ones that would threaten to break him. And nothing was worse than being caught in a spiral of self-hatred and violent thoughts that he never could seem to get rid of... He was gruff, angry, beard unkept and the smell of desperation to deny his true desire, he was ripe with it.

He hunches over a large boat engine on a bench, alongside a thirty-six-foot sailing yacht.

The Nola, it says in big bold letters it's of it peek out of the shed. Will's hands are grimy, work clothes oil-stained. Will's hand fumbles, semi-carefully reassembling the engine parts.

He was on his fifth consecutive reconstruction and deconstruction of this particular boat mortar when the intrusive thoughts came in so hard it felt like a battering ram against his skull. The smell of salt, the whip of wind, and rocky unstable ground. The taste of blood in his mouth...So familiar, and alphas scent... But not *his* alpha.

He turned around quickly, sensing footsteps, Winson barked aimlessly at the large figures approaching. Will is surprised to see the familiar face, but half disappointed that it isn't *him.*

" I had hoped you would come find me. I understand why you didn't." Jack's boots crunch the fresh snow, he was a hat hugged over his ears...He looks down, noticing his fingers are now cold, *when did he stop feeling the cold?*

"What can I do for you, Jack? His breath puffed out clouds of heat, his voice just as brittle as the air,

"I'm here to make sure you don't contradict the official narrative." Jack leaned against the door of the shed, voice calm and even. " We're officers of the FBI, wounded in the course of heroic duty." Will scoffed.

"That's not true for either of us." Will looked down to his stomach where a large smile laid below his sweater fabric.

" That's on me. That's my foul." Jack's words rendered a surprise lift in Will's chest.

" I'm not sure it would've turned out any different..." Will put down the last of his grease-covered tools and turned to the alpha." H- " His breath caught, almost saying his name for the first time in almost a year...Jack's head tilted.

" He was.. fixed on the path he was on. Nothing I or you could have done."

" Is that what you tell yourself? " Jack ebbed closer, his alpha scent making Will squeamish.

" Yes, I do," Will replied as Jack stepped another step closer.

" Because I think," Jack's finger landed on his chest, " Apart of you," His chocolate brown eyes made contact with Will's shy blue gaze, " Wasnt there to arrest him."

" I-" Will backed up, nearly tripping on Winston's paw,

" I know Graham.."

" You know?" Will was sweating, not scared, but, his body was reacting to an alpha so close after such a long time...Such a *long* time. Jack moved in more, eyes still calm but body harsh, ridged.

" Your pup. That was Hannibals son, wasn't it? " Will visibly cringed at the sound of his mate's name.

" Jack, I don't-" He couldn't hear this, he wouldn't hear this. Still, he was cut off, he was lesser, he was..just an *omega.*

" He didn't force you to be his mate, did he? You played it off as obsession, but it was more. Infatuation. Lust. " The back of the boat's wood was at Will's back, " Love even."

" *Hannibal*-" He gulped, preparing to lie through his teeth, " His love you speak of, it was Blackmail, blackmail, gaslighting to the level and equivalent of love." He swallowed thickly, the alpha backed away. " Nothing more."

" Well then let's keep it that way," Jack hollered over his shoulder, " I don't want Freddie spinning more lies about you before you've come back," Jack said as he began to move towards his car.

" I'm not coming back, Jack." He hollered down the driveway, *I can't.* His head screamed, hollow, empty without his mate.

Will ran his fingers down his pillow, It was three in the morning, *he shouldn't be up*. The dogs all snuggled in their beds near the space heater, the snow had stopped sticking to the ground outside. But it was still so cold, so very cold.

He rolled over on his belly, it didn't hurt much, his scar, or maybe he was too numb to care, he couldn't tell the difference anymore. He breathed deep in and out, he inhaled the scent of his cheap shampoo and hints of diesel fuel, dog musk, and motor oil. His fingers clutched his stomach, the pad of his index finger rolled on the raised tissue he had as a reminder of what he'd lost. He didn't think about it, he couldn't. But when Jack barged in his sacred place, his no-fly zone, he reopened the wound as if Hannibal himself were here gutting him again, it all came to the surface.

And it was getting harder, getting harder to push it down, the longing. Harder to eat, to sleep, to not look at Freddie Lounds's stupid articles that had his name panted all over them as if he

was her own personal celebrity. He needed to be alone and the world wasn't allowing him that simple justice...

Then again, maybe just maybe after all he had done...

The dark of his closed eyes now was alight with the rich red of Matthews arterial spray, the taste of warm copper in his mouth, and how much he craved that taste again, The way his shaking hands felt when they gutted Cordel, how he didn't stop with just one thrust of the blade even though he had already killed him. The feeling of power in his veins, the fury. Wild and savage. The person he could not be, the person he would not be with a child in his life...

But now he's gone too... along with his father.

Maybe he deserved it.

He shoved his head under his pillow, nose scrunched flat on his mattress. He tried to calm his breathing. But as soon as the absolute tiniest hint of pine and clean mint hit his nose, it was all over.

He sobbed, choking on his own spit and the faint smell of his alpha still locked in the mattress he most likely had conceived his son on. He balled his fists, screaming into the thickness of the bed. He knew this would alert his dogs...He didn't care. He hadn't cried since that night, hadn't let himself feel. Now he feels everything, and he can't make it stop, he can't just turn it off anymore. He misses him, he misses his lips, his eyes, his smile. He aches for him, he hates him.

No matter how hard he tried, his tear-filled eyes still gazed upon the last thing he should be looking at. He pulled up TattleCrime. com on his phone, fingers shaking, vision blurred.

He choked on a howl when he saw the newest headline,

" Is The Chesapeake Ripper is at large again? *Body found in Florance, Italy, Human pretzel Or origami? You decide! "*

The single picture of the crime scene set his mind aflame... And suddenly he knew exactly what he was going to do with that sailboat...

“Abandonment requires expectation “

The words Will had said that day in his office sung through the airwaves of his brain, making it hard to Focus on his current predicament. His troubled thoughts on the subject would have to wait.

“ I was Dr.Fells TA at Cambridge, he was even insufferable then.” The man he had over for dinner, Antony Dimmond sipped his wine and smiled, tongue spitting rude comments as

Hannibal served him a roast made out of the very leftovers of the man he so dubiously spoke of.

“ I didn’t know him well, “ Hannibal said, slipping slivered meat into his mouth, chewing, savoring. “ but what I didn’t pick up with my senses,” how ironic they were both using the sense of taste and smell to devour the last of the man's flesh. ” I’m sure you did, “ Hannibal gets up to retrieve the second bottle of wine from the ice trough, casually picking up the ice pick with his left hand.

Antony groaned as he slipped another morsel of tender kidney in his mouth, smothered in onions and thyme to cover the bitter metallic taste. “ You seem like a clever boy,” he played with Antony's hair as he poured more liquid into his ever emptying glass, the beta leaned into his touch. He kissed at his cheek and temple, making sure to thoroughly distract the easily wooed young man.

I have you right where I want you.

He removed his lips once he revived a shy moan for the boy, and with one swift movement, the ice pick lodged into Antony's temple, hitting the tender inside of his brain, that was now failing.

“Too clever indeed.” He whispered to Antony's still conscious brain as he kissed the shell of his ear.

“I- I- “ the betta sputtered, blood blooming from the deep wound. “ C-can’t f-feel my-“

“ Oh don’t worry, that’s a normal side effect.” He caressed his all too familiar curls before his itching fingers yanked out the pick sending a river of blood flowing all down the soon-to-be corpse of Antony Dimmond.

“ Hmm my darling” Hannibal hummed stoking the non-bloody side of flesh, “ You will make a fine gift for my beloved.”

Bellyache

" I came here to be alone... if you don't mind." He told the shadow to his left, her alpha smell familiar, but still, he didn't want company...Not now. He held his legs to his torso and waited for her to leave...His eyes trailed the bloodied body of Alana, sitting by his side, pale, forgotten. The smell of her flowery perfume still living in his mind so vivid he could taste it.

" Graham, this isn't healthy. Come on we can go somewhere-"

Will cut off Beverly's voice with his own, " I don't want to be *somewhere* Bev, I want to be here. Now please go," *I have some thinking to do.*

He heard Beverly huff in protest, her resolve fading. " Just-" Beverly clicked her tongue, " Don't get caught up in this, it wasn't your fault, you know. Her death isn't on you. "

He stayed silent, looking over the emptiness of Hannibal's kitchen and his place in it against the wall, like a homeless person seeking shelter..But he was seeking shelter...From something. He looked to his side once more as the sound of Bev's footsteps faded.

Her neck wound was wide, a smile like his, just...deeper, wider. Even after all the bleach and all the work the cleaners did, this place still smelled like him. Like blood. His, hers, and Hannibals.

Part of him thought he would never leave this house, this room, without it being in a black bag. He was lucky. That's what they all said, the ones that aren't obsessed with conspiracy that in all honesty is semi-accuate. He had sinned, killed, maimed and bled dry. Just not her.

Not Alana.

He could see her eyes still. Not the ghostly ones next to him but the *real* ones...Tears streaming, her fear smelled like burn flowers and tasted like acid. Chills rolled through him.

He rubbed his eye sockets with the palm, maybe he could gouge out the pain. He couldn't. He could just sit and smell the leftover death, and long for him.

He could still feel the soft feathery touch on his cheek before the life was carved out of him. Before the man, he thought he lo-

Who was he kidding anymore? He still loves him, it's more than the mark on his neck, it's more than a need for an alpha...Its... Fate. Its earth-shattering emotion that he can't live without him any longer. Even if he hates him. He just needs answers...And he was going to get them...

Even if he had to carve them out of Hannibal's throat.

He couldn't take a plane, he knew that now. Paperwork and passports would just get his file brought up, and who knows what was the 'official record on the night he lost everything..Did they see him as an accomplice? A lackey? Jack didn't say much about the current state of fairs, just that if he came back, worked for them as their personal sniffer dog...He would simply fall off every spring noises radar.

Plane was out. Boat was in. He just needed a few things, a few adjustments had to be made for the journey. Food? Check. Brain? Out the window. General health?

He had a belly ache. Or what resembled one.. Ever since his eyes glanced at the latest work of his estranged lover if you could even call him that. He thought he'd lost all feeling in his body...He was wrong.

He had one last thing on his list and he had to go to Quantico to get it. He had left his only coat there the day before his gutting, he didn't think he would need it. Hell, maybe he knew he was going to die...

Or that he deserved to.

He shuttered, climbing into his car, clutching the envelope that he wrote for Bev, a key to his house and how to take care of the dogs when he was gone on his ' fishing trip' ...he would lie for the rest of his life, it wouldn't get easier. He saw the little heads of his dogs in the window, sighing knowing they would be taken care of. And if he didn't come back? I guess that was his fate.

The leather smell lifting to his nose in an instant. It was cold, his fingers ached as the heat came on with a 'chh' sound.

The parking lot was flooded, rainwater poured in from the skies above, Will cursed as he shut off the engine, stepping into the dreary world in front of him. His shoes splashed in the divots on the concrete, the snow pile up from last week still evident on the sides, hugging all the curbs and grassy patches. His breath blew smoke into the frigid air as he seamlessly slipped

into the entrance. The smell of burnt coffee and faded cigarettes wafted the halls. Will kept his head down, moving through the open spaces like a ghost.

He stopped at the door of the facility room, " Shit." He huffed under his breath, he did *not* want to run into the exact thing he was running into...

They sat in a circle, laughing to themselves, " Well, you don't think he did it do you?" A familiar betta tone said.

"Shh, Jesus Zeller, " Beverly punched him in the arm, hard enough for him to wince... Her, so blind to her alpha strength still in her thirties. " You can't just say shit like that he's our friend! "

Will's toe was in the threshold, his body rigid and reeling, his small fangs poking out his gums and lips. His heart, swollen with grief still, reacting in the only way it knew how. Panic.

" Yeah, seriously Z, honey, you can't go through around that conspiracy shit every time Freddie has an article out." Jimmy's lips pressed into a thin line, "It's unbecoming of you dearest."

Zellers's face twisted, a smirk hidden with fake discomfort... " Unbecoming or not, He's your friend baby, not mine and I-"

" H- " Jimmy coughed, eyes moving back in forth to Bev then him, " Hi, Will."

He hadn't realized his body's position, now, in this very room, all eyes were fixed on him. His eyes widened, legs creaking as they moved forward, aiming for the cubby left of the table his 'friends' were sat at. He said nothing as eyes traced his every move.

" Not going to say anything for yourself, Graham?" The betta chirped, cocky.

He didn't turn around, key plunging into the lockbox containing his means of survival and warmth for the next few days... If he'd make it that far. " Not to you." He mumbled attempted to move away to the exit when two hands caught the back of his shirt.

" Zeller!" Bev shouted, protective.

Will was held against the wall, his coat dropping to the floor in a 'foof'. " I *said.*" Zellers's fingers curled around his collar, " What do you have to say for yourself, Murderer." He shoved Will back hard, anger blooming on his features, Will stared back, back-arching, eyes cold. He smiled.

A fist collided with his cheekbone, the impact caused waves of shock and pain to roll through him like the tide. He gasped but didn't fight. " Sickko! What do you have to smile about! Alanas dead because of you-" Strong hands ripped him away from Will's traumatized self. Beverly, eyes red and teeth snapping hauled the betta off kicking and screaming.

" Jimmy! Calm your mate down!." She shouted, fangs suggestive but not violent. The flailing betta was transferred into his omegas arms. He huffed, fixing his crumpled jacked, finger

indent marks on the fabric making it crinkle.

" Come on," Jimmy lead Brian out of the room, hand over his shoulder, using his soothing touch to settle him, he looked over his shoulder once more before disappearing into the corridor.

Will breathed again, blood in his mouth, the taste of it strangely welcome. " I'm sorry Will, that- that got way out of hand he doesn't even know what he's on about I swear. " Beverly raised her hand to Will's cheek, he flinched. " Let me help." She said moving to the sink to gather paper towels, wetting them.

" There's not much to help...ah," Will winced as the cool napkin hit his brutalized skin. " T-" He nearly growled at the press of the towel, he forced himself to breathe, Beverly's alpha scent calming him some. " There's something I need to ask of you if it's not too much."

She dabbed again then threw the bloodied towel into the trash. " What's up?" She smiled. He allowed himself to release some tension from his spine, lowering his raised shoulders.

" What's not up, " He chuckled as he rubbed his neck, his thumb brushing his mark, it pulsed and ached, he made a small moan, lowing his hand. " I just was wondering, if I could possibly-"

" Spit it out, Graham." She smiled, her eyes were deep and understanding. He sighed, fiddling with his pant pocket for the envelope. He silently handed it over without eye contact.

" What's this? And early valentine?" She swindled, shoulder moving in with awe.

He dropped his fake expression, blue eyes widening to meet hers, " Its instructions, for when I'll be gone." He said flatly. She tilted her head, fingers ripping at the paper to unfold what was inside..." I didn't want to inconvenience you, but, I, need someone I trust to-"

" Your leaving?" Bev moved closer, another tactic? He didn't know. He smiled nervously. *Just lie, just tell her you need a vacation, that you need some time away.*

" I-" His mouth fell open then shut, Beverly, quirked her brow at him, suspicious. He gulped as sweat trickled down his back, " I'm going away for a while."

" A While? How long is a while?" Her hands moved to her hips, her strong stance made to make men fall to their knees. *She wouldn't be easy to fool.*

" I was just hoping you could take care of the dogs for me when I'm gone, " Will didn't answer directly, his feet shuffling backward, spine resting on a bookshelf. "It's all there, their food, the key-"

" Where ya goin' on such short notice Will?" Her eyes were piercing, and hard to refuse, she didn't deserve this, she deserved the truth...But Will himself didn't even know what was the truth anymore. He was just acting on feral instinct, gut-wrenching need for answers, for admittance. He shook his head free of thoughts of him and opened his mouth once more...

" I have a cabin, up north, hence the coat," He lifted it up, she wasn't phased. " I'm just going to clear my head, do some ice fishing, try to...Heal." He blinked, then blinked again, trying to gauge her reaction. He let out a gust of wind when her mouth curled up into a smile, she patted his shoulder like he would one of his dogs.

" Sounds good Will, I can babysit for you, just in return you have to promise me something okay? " Her grip was tight on his shoulder. He nodded.

" Yeah, sure what is it?"

Her lips parted, but what came out was hard to agree to, near impossible, " Be kind to yourself Graham," Her grip softened as she rubbed circles into his tense muscles." I know things are hard, but you deserve to be happy..."

" We all do" She added and Will just nodded, not being able to verbalize the promise.

The supplies were loaded on *The Nola*, his coat was snug against him as he untethered the rope from the dock. The engine started with a ruble, a mini earthquake of sorts. Will could feel the pulse of the water crashing as hard and as fast as he could hear his own heartbeat, the thumbing crash, the rhythmic melody of blood pumping through his veins... It did nothing to calm him, nor the sound of the waves or the scent of the sea as night enveloped him. The sky was without clouds, the starts distant and glinting above him, the silence swelled until the only sounds came from the innards of his mind.

" I love you."

These words were never true.

" I could never hurt you."

You hurt me in so many ways, in the ways only you could hurt, the depth only you could go. You will pay.

" Tell me your mine."

I was never yours, I'm not even my own. Because of you, I don't know myself, because of you...I'm broken.

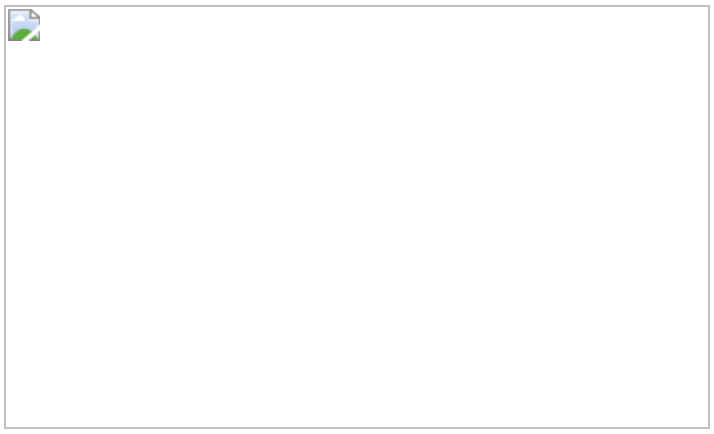
The wind dries his tears before they could fall past his cheeks. He once again finds himself looking up at the stars, they dance in clusters so bright and ebbing. So dull yet so bright. He picks himself off the rocking bow floor and treads to his cabin under the hull.

In this journey, there would be no prisoners, no war...Just justice. As cold and stinging as ice. And he would have it. Or he would die trying to full the void inside of him that only could be filled with Hannibal's pain. His utter suffering.

It's what he deserved.

It's what they *both*...deserved.

Sinners on Stormy Seas



As the sun dimmed the seagulls called. The sea seemed to have a chilling chuckle as The Nola cut through her dips and bevels. Water, salt, and wet splashed onto the floors, spray like the taste of skin only heartier. The ground shook, although it wasn't the ground. He was miles away from any titch of solid land...And spike of sanity.

He turned the sail another 30 degrees, the wind caught and did its work, even with the newly rebuilt engine he was going to use all the help the vessel offered. Will wiped the ocean juice off his face with the back of his long sleave-which was already nearly soaked in h20 from mother earth herself. Will made a trail of sloppy footsteps in the covered inside of the cabin.

Will shook from cold as night was falling on his 7th day at sea. He burrowed himself in the makeshift bed, the need for warmth wasn't just a physical thing, it was something deeper...Emotional even. He rubbed his arms up and down, chills rolled down his spine. His stomach scar ached, its sensitivity to the cold was undoubtedly the worst part of this whole endeavor. Not the manual labor of making sure the tilt and the angle of sails was correct and he wasn't going straight into an island of god knows what, not the canned food or the fact that he would absolutely kill to be snuggled up with all of his dogs, siphoning their warmth. It was raw energy. The touch of another living thing. And he was deprived. It was the incessant need for touch, a caress, brush of fingertips, or back of hands...He was truly and horrifyingly...Omega. In every sense of it.

Will put his head under the blankets and breathed, feeling the swell of the ocean, the teeter of fate and power he rode on to avail his dyer need of what he told himself was justice. He pulled another shaky breath out of his tiered lungs, as he exhaled zaps of electricity formed at the circumference of his mark, his neck twitched. He followed the sensation, continuing to find warmth in his own hands, he rubbed the back of his neck, the curve of his stubbled jaw, and the indents on his temples with a sturdy firm press. Groaning and leaning into what he wished was there.

Hannibal.

His whole body cried with tension as if it knew he was getting closer and closer with every day to his mate. He flipped onto his stomach, biting his lip, ache not dulling and stronger than ever.

The tips of his fingers found the raised flesh of his smile, he moaned shyly at the heat growing beneath in his belly. " Fuck, " He uttered, breathless, shameful, wrong. He guided his hand lower, then forced himself to curl away. He bit back a whine denying himself what he needed. His breaths grew into pants as the boat rocked, his body moving with it on every wave, every swell and pulse.

He rutted his hips slow in time with the turbulence, cursing himself for not being able to stop...To not *wanting* to stop. A high-pitched groan escaped his wetted lips as he trusted, fingers digging into his smile, pain absorbed by pleasure, by the fire in him. " Oh, god, please." He cried as he finally took himself in hand, thumb tracing over the pre-cum slicked tip of his swollen cock, his nightclothes growing wet, his hole dripping slick.

He closed his eyes and imaged that Hannibal was the ocean and that it was his force rocking the ship, his power. He gasped, grabbing more of his stomach's flesh with one hand, and with the other, he frantically squeezed the bulbed head and fucked into his palm. His eyes rolled back into his head as he started to peek. It wouldn't be enough to sate him, but it had to help the utter burn inside him.

For the first time, his fantasy didn't involve being fucked. No. His thoughts were on Hannibal, being inside him for the first time, feeling the warmth of his tight hole as he-

" Mmm god f-fuck," He whined as pearlescent cum flooded his fist. His hips shook, the smell of his release mixed with the faint smell of saltwater and blood from his scratched scar now pink with blush. Pleasure faded in and out until his eyes fluttered closed...

Still, days until he reached shore... This was going to be a long week...

It was several days into his voyage he knew he wasn't alone as he thought he was out in the middle of nowhere... No, he was followed by something. A something that would go wherever he did...His consciousness.

Alana stood at the bow of the ship, eyes fixed on the open sea. The wind swept her hair from her crimson splattered face, no scent haunted the air and he knew it was all but a dream. One that would haunt him, his actions, his every breath in the life he was given. The same life that was taken by the same man who gave him his ' second chance' if you could call it that.

He walked in paces to her frame, his brain preserved her in a likeness so still...like marble stone, hard and eyecatching. The blood on her face and neck was like a tattoo glued to her ever-so-white skin. The gash that the curved blade carved was like open lips, unstitched and gaping, the flaky crust of browning blood stuck to it like a necklace of iron and death.

" You're really doing this aren't you." Her voice spun in whispers, soon it was all around...soon it was the only voice he heard. He turned to face her...Or what was left of the loving woman he once knew.

He cleared his throat, voice rusty like an old trombone, " And you're surprised, are you? I thought you knew me- or at least you once did." He looked into the cold sad eyes, blue frosted over, lifeless.

She came closer, leaning her head on his vacant shoulder, he swore he could almost feel the weight. " I know you're not stupid, " She whispered, " I know that whatever he is..It calls to you, like a disease made just for you, that only you can turn into a cure. " The bite of her once soothing tone settled into his skin as the boat began to rock.. He needed to alter the degree in which the sails wear catching the newly violent wind. He turned to walk towards it when a hand grabbed his wrist...And oh, could he feel it then.

" Wouldnt this just be easier." She said, turning him to the water's edge, his eyes flicked to the current, strong and deadly. His mouth opened to reply. But not before Alana's hand dropped as she dangled her non-body over the edge. Salty mist hit his face the closer he got, following the only piece of her he had left before...

With one swift movement, she flew off the rail and into the ocean.

A signal. A sign. A precursor.

His own brain was at war with itself. And he had time yet to decide his own fate.

The first sight of land sends nausea in waves down Will's back. The reality of the situation setting in...He was really doing this.. Going after a psychopathic murderous cannibal who stole his child from him..

And stole his heart. His mind corrects.

He blinked as he looked in the small foggy mirror in the cabin's bathroom, he was.. Furry. He looked like he'd been living in the woods the past two weeks. Somehow that made him chuckle, he thumbed the grown-out stubble with a questioning look. Was he really going to spiff up for him? Will gave his reflection a sideways glance. His blue eyes seemed dull, lifeless.

Then he picked up the knife from the sink, gazing down at it before lifting it up to his throat... He contemplated. He waited. The blade had multiple uses, one being a haircut, two...

He shook his head, turning around to scavenge for the bar soap. It smelled like cedar. He wet it rubbing his mess of face with the sudsy side. He lifted the knife again. Its edge sharp, sharp enough to kill..Or...

He started at the curve of his forest-like face, using the blade similar to a shaving razor he got in close, so close he could see his eyes staring back.. He didn't recognize himself. He moved

the sharp edge fast, more hair came off, he was being to look normal again...Whatever normal was.

He rinsed the bubbles off his face to find only one small shallow cut on his cheek, drying his face with an old towel. He walked back to the small kitchen, fumbling in draws for scissors. If he was going to look the part, he would *look* the part.

He wet his hair and began to go to work. Tuffs of grown-out curls fell into the sink. He did his best to make it even on both sides, adding texture and laying to the best of his ability... cleaning up as he goes.

He scrunched the wet shortened mop of curls atop his head, trying to semblance a style. But he just ended up frustrated with it. He threw down the towel, then his eyes caught the jar of coconut oil he used to waterproof his leather boots... " I wonder.."

He looked at the container..." Well, if it's organic," He shrugged, applying a small amount to his fingertips working the oil to his palms. He was back in front of the world's smallest foggiest mirror once more working the oil through his mane with slight hesitation. But to his surprise, it worked. Calming down the frizz and giving the new cut more shape and a more polished look. He even put a tad bit in his tamped-down scruff.

Then with a subtle nod to the new man, he saw in the reflection...He began to pack his necessities for the trip inland, throwing it all in a leather duffle bag he's had since his dad died years back.

The Port of Palermo was finally in reach, its docks busy and full of life, the bright turquoise water only dimmed by the night that was getting closer. He was exhausted, head-heavy with self-doubt yet self-preservation. He tied a bowtie knot on the line connected to solid land and jumped off *The Nola.*

Wills's legs weak and wobbly from the long two weeks at sea was starting to show. Eyes watched him as he drug his bag with him as he flagged down a ride into town. The street lights were dim and the air smelt of booze and fish markets. The city of Palermo itself shined bright like a bronze star. Will took in the fresh air and blinked. He couldn't believe after all that time spent talking to himself and most likely if at all possible going madder than before. He sighed with a huff and flagged down the nearest taxi.

" Buon pomeriggio signore!" An older fella with peppered grays looked at him with a smile. Will inhaled instinctively, he was a betta...Good.

" Eh Hello there, English?" He felt rude asking, but the man's smile grew as he stepped into the off-brand yellow and black car.

" Si si signore, Where to on this beautiful day?" He made award eye contact with him, head tilted backward.

" Any low star hotel near to Cappella Patatina." Will tried not to mumble, picking his nail bed as he waited for the engine to start. And it did. The car smelt of must and a hint of dog. The windows were dirty, but the inside of the metal deathtrap was surprisingly clean.

" Oh!" The man shouted. " Thats a popular option these days with the youth...You know them and all their new wave thinking." He paused, turning the wheel sharply. " Are you one of those fellas with the Omegas against AAs? Ya know the alpha aggressors? " His accent thicker that time, voice smaller.

" Wha- no m' not." Did he look like he was an alpha hater? Well, he did hate *one.* " Ya know, you caught me, I'm planning a protest soon, just hate those violent fuckers, what made them the king of the hierarchy." He went with it, maybe too much, better the man not know any inkling of his true motive so far from home.

" Well spoken for an American, " The betta chuckled, " I'm Luca, nice to meet an ally." He shouted over his shoulder before the car stopped altogether, landing in a small unkept parking lot. " Home sweet casa."

Will grabbed his bags and hauled out the door, grabbing a small wad of cash and sticking it in the man's meaty paw. " Thanks, Luca, your a real one." He faked a smile before turning away.

He walked up the gravel path some before he heard a voice calling out for him, " Signore! signore! You dropped this!" Luca came rushing to him, his large belly rolling in the air as he held out a small black case.

Shit.

" Oh, it must have fallen I-" Nerves spiked, he inspected the case...Still solid closed. Good.

"It's no problem signore, " He said handing it over huffing and puffing. He saluted and was on his way.

Will made his way arms full of luggage, He needed sleep and a shower... " One room Per favore." The attendant dug a key out of the back and handed it over.

" *Room 116*."

He booked it down the red velvet lamp-lit hall, all sorts of eyes from odd artwork on the walls looking at him. He set his bags on the floor with a 'thunk'...All but one.

His fingers traced the rim of the small black box, shaking as they lifted. The hinge squeaked and his eyes caught what he had gotten hand-made a week before he set sail...

A wood-handled linoleum knife. Sharp with the light dancing off its tip. Almost identical to the one that killed Alana, to the one that stole his son away...

He shut the case roughly and face-planted on the lumpy bed...And fell into one of the deepest sleeps of his life.

A Hunters Prize

The vast interior rings cast up to the tall chapel walls. Faces old and new scattered together, with the multiple languages of the travelers shuffling about the place. A center of cultural propriety. A hub for Hannibal's hearth, his brand...

Will gazes up at the apse of the chapel and Jesus... *"Ruler of All,"* a carved and exquisite Byzantine mosaic. Saint Andrew is depicted on His one side, Saint Paul on His other. The saints' tempera-painted eyes, their unfettered focus, watching, seeking out the pedestrians with judgment held in their eyes. A golden hue of urethral power.

" Even in an enlightened world, we come here to feel closer to God," Will says to non but a shade, a shadow of what's left of a memory.

" Do you feel closer to God?" Alana's blue eyes lined up with his, still empty, still gone. But company non the less.

Will shrugged, " God's not who I came here to find."

" Well, it's similar to what you seek.." She put a strand of hair behind her ear, revealing more of the gash riddle neck. " G-dash-D allows bad things to happen because it's... elegant...Hannibal-"

" Hannibal's not God. Wouldn't have any fun being God. Defying God, now that's his idea of a good time...That's His design." Will didn't look at her then, he looked past her and directly at the empty part of the floor.

" Do you feel closer to him here?" Her voice whispered, it was losing its validity.

He stepped to the mosaic on the floor, its reds like blood its whites like the bone they represent, his feet stand atop of the skull's eyes, making it unseeing as he is, blinded by love, by hate.

Will smelled the air, not a hint of his alphas pine-smelling hue was in the air. But he'd be there, he had to be there. And Will would wait.

" I will."

Flash photography documents the scene...*The gift, a prize...* Wills's mind corrected callously.

Light bounces off of the white sheets they belong to a row of hospital privacy screens being erected around the broken and mutilated corpse. Various Polizia Scientifica agents are busy working around the body. Will stares, eyes like saucers at the small pool of blood.

" Per favore, signore. È proibito qui. La cappella è chiusa!" A man shouts at him as he gains closeness. Will staggers back,

"Sorry I- I don't speak-"

" The chapel is closed." The officer of the Polizia puts a hand on his jacket, ushering him, him, and all unfortunate eyes that had seen Hannibals work so fresh, so clean cut.

" I-" He tries to explain, but before a second word can come out another voice fills the space.

" LaManna, non lasciarlo uscire. Voglio parlare con lui." The words don't come at an unpleasant cadence, only urgency is detectable.

" What did he say?" Will cocks his head, unsure if he's in trouble.

" He says he wants to speak with you." The officer glances over his shoulder and takes his leave.

Another man, shorter, older comes out of the thick air, darks eyes looking with something akin to pity on their rim.

" You're a long way from home," Will suggests at the man before him with a witty gaze, " This is no Florence."

" No, " The man shakes his head but no smell of alpha or omega comes past Will's nose, "And you are no Italian man, my guess is that your home is farther still.." He paused shuffling the folders in his hands. " You have the eyes of a man who seen such things before," He nods to the grotesque body displayed, In such a state, Will didn't know, he hadn't gotten close enough yet...

"Tell me stranger what do you know of the carnage at our wake?"

What didn't he know, still he needed to get closer, he clicked his tongue although it still felt stuck at the back of his throat and reached for this wallet. " I'm special agent Will Graham,

I'm looking into a string of murders coming from the U.S, I was hoping to check this off the list of possibilities. "

" Ah, I see, Well signore Graham, come this way." He said nodding at his credentials he was fortunate enough to have stuffed last minute into his bag for this particular sort of bind. The man led Will past the white coverings, Will nipped at his heels, shaking with anticipation.

" And your name is?' Will asked, hiding in a heinous cover of friendliness.

" Pazzi, Inspector Pazzi," They moved past the other law enforcement, carving a path through the middle. " The body, the cuts are sculptural in its mutilation." He shuffled once more like the light from the dying sun crossed their eyes, its yellow fever making the body if you could call it that, has an unearthly golden glow.

Will's eyes don't deceive him, not this time... In the center of the chapel's floor, constructed directly above the inlaid skeleton. At first glimpse, it appears to be A huge human heart.

But a second look reveals it to be A man's skinned body... Limbs broken, back snapped and twisted, folded to create the anatomical parts and chambers of the organ. The victim's head, hands, and feet are missing, stumps portraying the muscle's severed vessels. The faux organ hovers hover above the floor, only supported by a makeshift tripod formed by a trio of swords that run through the body. Down each blade, blood trickles, a small reflective red pool at the bottom.

A bloody valentine awaiting its intended keeper. A mirror fashioned for those who dare, to see themselves in its red glow, its truth... *What was Hannibal's truth?* Will wondered as he stepped closer, fingers brushing the faintly warm corpse as the pads of his fingers dipped red. In love. In lies.

" What do you see signore, Graham?" Pazzi asked, voice too close for comfort.

" I- I don't know. This is beyond anything I've ever seen in my entire career. It's like-" He fumbles on his words...Almost in awe, almost in trapt in a lustful gaze, eyes latched on to what he knows was *for* him. But still, he has to steer this man away, if anyone going to catch Hannibal...It better be him. "It's like something out of a true-crime fiction book. "

Pazzi huffed, unamused, underwhelmed. " I've seen this type of killer before. This type of kill...Il Mostro, the Monster of Florence. It was his custom to arrange his victims like a beautiful painting."

That gets Will's attention. An alarm sets off in his skull, rampant with red lines and harsh sounds.

"Il Mostro created images that stayed in my mind. I can still see his tableaux peripherally" He pulls out a photograph, another crime scene, just as brutal just as beautiful." Twenty years ago, I was dwelling on a couple found slain in the bed of a pickup truck in Impruneta... ...bodies placed, strewn and garlanded with flowers, the woman's left breast exposed."

" Like a Botticelli." Will recognizes the brand of his lover's kills. The way he creates art.

" Exactly like a Botticelli. His painting Primavera still hangs in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, just as it did twenty years ago." Will nods trying to seem unaffected by talk of such things,

As Inspector Pazzi pulls another picture from his envelope...

The painting depicting a group of mythological figures in an orange grove. At the right of the painting Will's eyes notice A woman in diaphanous white is being seized by a winged male from above. His cheeks are puffed, expression intent and his unnatural complexion separates him from the other figures.

"The garlanded nymph on the right, her left breast exposed, flowers streaming from her mouth as the pale Zephyrus reaches for her. These victims were found the exact same way."

" At the Uffizi Gallery... that's where you met il Mostro."

"That's where I met this man."Will's eyes follow the man's fingers as he starts to pull out clips from the paper files. His fingers juggling a load of stacked files just enough to pull a small picture out of the heap...He raises it to Will's nose, his eyes flash gold.

Hannibal. Twenty years younger, the same look in his eyes. Will's knees go weak.

" The monster of Florence."

The empty space in front of Will now became the past, pendulum floating across gold burnt eyes and bloodied Chapel floors. It's there he found him, in his mind but as clear as day. An alpha, still a young man's shadow traces lines on the now carpeted floor, his shape so familiar, so...lifelike. Makes Will want to reach out and touch-but he knows it he does disrupt the empathic memory forged from another's head, he will lose the ability to study it as he does now...up close.

Hannibal sits on a bench, Will hovers behind him never seeing his mate's face. Just his hands, those hands that even age didn't define in their cruelty and their lust. A pencil scratched on milk-white paper, a scene unfolds..

" ...he would recreate the Primavera in pencil, just as he did in flesh. It was meticulous, obsessive. I knew then It was the best moment of my life. A moment of epiphany that made me famous and then ruined me."

Will's eyes fix like bifocal lenses, there sits Inspector Pazzi, a pale, younger version of himself, with an entirely-different history with the Monster. "In haste and heat of ambition, the Questura nearly destroyed the young man's home, trying to find evidence."

" He doesn't leave evidence," Will murmured under his breath, stepping toward the mess of a valentine once more.

" No, he does not," Pazzi said, Will's shoulders raised at the sound... *So he had heard him.*

Feeling bold and out on his limb, " He eats it." Will says behind Pazzi's ear, a shy intimidation of sorts. The man quickly turns to him brow quarreled and lip curled into a lazy

snarl that wasn't at all doing to him what it was meant to...

" What do you see Mr. Graham? Something familiar...something domestically recognizable?" Pazzi toyed. Will, eyes dead approached further, the corpse sung to him like a siren calling him to sea.

He closed his eyes, lifted his right palm just so it hovered over the mound of useless flesh, and silently reconstructed Hannibals thinking... *I splintered every bone, fractured them... dynamically. Made you malleable. I skinned you. Bent you, twisted you, and trimmed you. Head, hands, arms, and legs. A topiary.* The human heart sculpture swells slightly with a low thump.

This is my design. His mark ached as he stepped back past the sheets and field workers.. They wouldn't find anything useful. This message was for him and him alone.

" Something... Intimate. " He breathed, looking directly into the inspector's eyes, the man who had almost caught his young love...*Pitiful.* " *A valentine written on a broken man.* " He stumbles backward, landing on the chappels steps, " Excuse me, I think-i think I need a minute."

Pazzi nodded briefly, " This work, it takes quite a told on us. And if we are to be damned, who says we will not meet in the same level of hell as the monsters of the world.." His words stick to Will like glue while he himself separates and returns to the other Polizia as they gather up what they think will bring them closer to the killer.

Will let himself sink into the hard steps of the chapel floor, head resting on the altar as his eyes loft up to the endless space above. Cherubs and angels mingle on ploombs of clouds and dust, up there the world is ever so simple, no heartache no death...just endless hovering laced with golden spite of god. Not that he believed in such things. His eye catches a hind of dark hair and icy blue eyes, and he's no longer alone..

" I do feel closer to Hannibal here." He turns his head to Alana, who now is grabbing his hand. Will's mind makes him feel it. " God only knows where I would be without him." The words came out in what would seem to be a mini avalanche. The better of him getting smelt to bits over the grand gesture of it all..

" What did you see?" Her voice cold but still warming him, her thumb raking over the back of his hand as he took in a shaky breath and begun to sit up..

" He left me his broken heart." Even Will would admit the words sound silly..Hannibal? Broken-hearted? He's the one who cut him out of his life...Literally.

"How does he know you're here? " Will sniffed in reply, a valid question.

" He didn't...But he knew I would come..." Will untangled his hand from hers and placed it on his thumping pulse, his heart rattling in its cage desperate to be with his alpha...Always desperate..

Alanas face grew twisted with worry, but there was something else, her neck now stitched and healed caught his eye, no blood insight...Almost like she was healing herself. He shook his head, denying the possibility of anything other than her death. " He's playing with you." Her words were firmer this time, they had bite.

I know. His voice silent but know. He blinked hard, the shape that held Alana was...fading at the edges like she was simply being willed out of existence by an outside source.

"You still want to go with him?" Her voice, faint like dust and rain as the color of her eyes dimmed. It was as if his very thoughts were making her disappear, her memory dishonored by his need for him...

" Yes." Will blinked, swallowed, and then blinked again. " In some other world. In some other reality where you're still here, where you're still-" A tear ran down his cheek, he lifted a hand to the translucent flesh of her cheek and felt the cold chill of death for the last time before she spoke.

" In some other world." She whispered, kissing his hand before completely fading into the background of Hannibal's disaster...

His eyes roamed the people, they stood in flocks before the authorities rung them out. Their shrill cries like vultures scared of their own shadow. Hid gift stood aloft in the center.

He would come. Hannibal told himself as he stuck to the shadows of the Norman Chapel, his body one with the art, the many faces of divine creatures pressed into ceilings and thrust onto church walls. He was one with them, blending into the shadow and light...That is until he smelt him, the musky fevered sweetness of his omega waft into his nose, he breathed in like one breath after a near-drowning. Gasping for air, lungs burning, it felt like he could breathe again.

He watched from the upper levels, the tamed curls of his lover catch his firey gaze first. He watches silently as Will rests against the altar.

Let the hunt begin.

Let me down slowly

The boy will have to find him in the dark. Senses blinded by the scent blocker perfume, yes, this would be a challenge for him. It would have to be good old intuition that pulls him closer, an instinct that can't be named or earned, but made. Even at a distance, he can spot the silver groves of his work, teeth mark deep indented into his loves pale neck, Hannibal feels a shiver of anticipation, the first one to come, the first feeling to grace his empty chest in months.

The spark from his chest travels, floating in the air down to where his beloved sits, he can smell his sweat from aloft, feel his fingers twitch at the sound of his name.

" Signore Graham," Heavy footsteps approach. The flinch of Will's shoulder tells more than it should, but it's not fear Hannibal smells...

" Are you praying? " Inspector Pazzi stands closer than Will would like, his breath smells of garlic, his teeth hold a sliver of his sandwich lunch...Will couldn't even think to eat now. He looks up, cautious, wavering in and out of a metal debate...

Will shakes his head, decision made. " Hannibal doesn't pray. But he believes in God. *Intimately*." He wouldn't hide his affiliation, his...need for more information from the locals. It's all he can salvage. If Hannibal is indeed playing a game, he must pick his pieces carefully, and Pazzi was a bargaining chip all dressed up and ready to eat.

" I wasn't asking Hannibal Lecter." Will shrills and the name In full of his alpha spoken from unworthy lips. " I was asking you." Will smiles, laying his head back to the ornate ceiling, Pazzi follows his gaze.

" I hope my prayers escaped, flown from here to the open sky and God." He could hear the truth laid in his tone, something about honesty...it tasted different. Wills's fingers touched the

cool steps his lank body rested upon. He was sprawled out, a feast ready for the taking... But Hannibal wouldn't bite so easily.

" Praying you catch him? You should be praying he doesn't capture you..." Will turned to face the man, blue eyes cold, calculating... Pazzi opens to reply, Will fills the hole instead with his hollow laughter, " You couldn't catch him when he was just a kid, what makes you think you're going to catch him now? After all this time, you really think he would make it easy for you?"

" *You.*" Pazzi's eyes changed, side held and glancing to the rim of his collar where his mark lay showing its ugly face. Skin brutalized by fanged teeth, so deep inside him. He turned his head abruptly and sat up fitting with his shirt.

Pazzi follows his every move, a mirror to his disgruntled posture and lopsided grin when the words so true he didn't even realize them, slip out his tongue. " What makes you think I want to catch him? " His breath came out in a hiss. The volume of his circulatory system rises in his ears, drowning out Pazzi speaking in the background. The thrum fills his ears with a rhythmic ebb and flow. A heartbeat similar to his own..

His eyes follow the source to a stairwell on the left, the pulse making blood form in pictures in his mind. A red sketch filling in gaps of imagination and reality, images of a gate moving down several steps to a wooden door... The smallest hint of pine enveloped by the taste of iron.

He turns to Pazzi slowly head tilted, " If you could possibly be content, I would suggest you let il Mostro go." *I know what waits for you on the other side of door number one...and* it's *not what you think.* Will thinks.

The older man sighs rubbing his eyes, lack of sleep showing through the windows to the soul... " Can't do that any more than you can."

" He's going to kill you, you know. Usually right about these things." The warming was just, a warning. Simple, one way out... *Take it.*

He smiles like he knows something he shouldn't, "He let you know him. He sent you his heart. Where has he gone now? Where has he left *his* omega?" The riddle unraveled from his features, a million miles of paper flowing free out the gates of his mind... *So he knows, that doesn't make a difference.*

" He hasn't *gone* anywhere. " Will bit back the aggression claiming his tongue, eyes fixing once again at the door to the catacombs. " He's still here."

He doesn't know but somehow the shapes and faces around him change, his heart pounding in his ears as he descends into near black.

Suddenly is closer than he had been to the alpha in a monumental amount of time. His mark burns, pain radiates from his should down, guiding him down the pathway,

Hannibal.

His mind calls out as his eyes trial the punic stone of the catacombs, two millennia old, chipping, it smelt of ashy brick. Will listens to the space around him, carefully monitoring his breath, keen to mark any movement. He sees a walkway it weaves through dozens of mummified corpses, leading down into a darkened maze covered in age-old scent and dust. He moves quietly his path now only partially illuminated by infrequent fluttering candlelight. The glow of fire flickers across his face, his pupils large, nose upturned to the annoyingly scentless air.

Will follows the ancient fortress wall as it leads him deeper into less-aged corridors of the chapel's crypts and catacombs. Above him new technology provides more light, bare bulbs occasionally lining the way...Patches of seemingly emptied space of the underground circuit remain shrouded in shadow. In the distance ahead, Will's ears move to the sound of unhurried footsteps.

He slams face-first back in the inspector, his gun raised past Will's nose. " Signor Graham." Will's breath feels punched out of him.

" You shouldn't be down here alone." He warns, eyes raising the trigger finger pointed down the way.

" I’m not alone. I'm with you." Will cringes at the statement, this is his hunt, and his hunt alone. Pazzi gazes in the distance, eyes taking in the pillars and the many passages... any of which Hannibal might have taken. Will pivots, blocking his eyes.

" You don’t know whose side I’m on." He sneers, eyes catlike, back arched like an attack dog. Possessive.

" What are you going to do when you find him? Your il Mostro?" Pazzi steps to him, narrowing his vision, " You and I carry the dead with us, Signor Graham. We both need to unburden." A hand is laid in his shoulder, his instincts scream.

Your lucky I don't unburden your head from your miserable shoulders.

" Why don't you carry your dead back to the chapel before you count yourself among them." The treat was coy yet effective, his teeth pulled from gums, legs shaking at the closeness to his alpha.

"You're already dead, aren't you?" Pazzi backs up, weary. *Good.*

Will growls, " *Go."* Pazzi stammers for a moment, then reluctantly moves into the shadows, returning to the chapel.

Will stands there in the dark, alone. Listening. Light footsteps grace his ears, too sharp to be gone away. He pounces feet carrying him, chasing the shadow in the lamplight. " Hannibal!" He yells.

Will chases his mate through the underground city of death, he can smell him now, it just makes him charge faster. *He will pay, he has to pay.*

Hannibal lets the omega gain ground, impressed by his gusto. He halts, his leather Italian shoes skirting making a dust cloud bloom over his sight.

Suddenly Will's hands are on him as he is being slammed to the dirt with an audible thump. His mate's grip is tight on his forearms, he doesn't struggle, giving in to the man above him. The dust clears to reveal two sparkling blue eyes staring into his. Hannibal groans at the weight of his lover. Will stares and stares, like he's sizing up if he's real.

" Will," Hannibal whispers, blinking up at his omega, warmth from his body soothing his ache for him all these months. " I-" His voice was quieted by a hot tongue sticking out to lavish his throat. The omega laps at the flesh like a kitten to milk. He hears Will moan above him, feels his hips jerk and cant. Hannibal, stunned, beings to shake himself free.

That's when Will looks up from imprinting his teeth on Hannibal's throat, eyes wide and brimming with tears. " I forgive you." He breathes, not sure if he telling the truth or if it's just the magnetism of the alphas pull, dragging him down. He can stop touching the man below him. Not sure if he *wants* to stop. He feels the begins of a harding cock pressing into his thigh.

" Will-" Hearing his name again in that accented tone set him off, he pulls the alpha into a growling kiss, teeth nipping at the fullness of his lips. A strange sound comes out of Hannibal's throat, he feels it come into his mouth like a prayer. Will wrestles him to the ground like an angry bear cub, tongue lapping into his mouth, hands moving down down down. Unhinged, desperate, angry.

Hannibal moans on Wills's neck as he play fights, his weight, his hands, his smell, surrounding him...He submits to it. He feels the heat of Will's mouth lower, biting his chin and licking at his Adam's apple. Suddenly the trail of wet heat stops, Hannibal looks up to see his mate's blue eyes consumed by liquid gold. Will pins Hannibal's hands to his sides, he lets him, wanting whatever he's willing to give.

" A heart, Hannibal? You missed me that much?" Will's voice abrasive, raw. Hannibal blinks gazing at the glory of his lover's rage. He tries to sit up, hands slam him back down to the dusty floor, the ground tastes like ash in his mouth as the dust cloud puffs once again. " You had to kill someone to tell me? What? That you-"

" That I lo-"

Slap.

His palm buzzed," No, you don't get to use that word." Will sneers, headed cocked, "You lost your privilege. Remember?" Will's heart is pounding, blood rushing to his groin, his thighs rubbed up against Hannibals, wet spot from Hannibal's crotch smearing in his jeans. Hannibals eyes looked...Different. But it didn't make him any less disgusted with him...*With himself.*

" What do you want Will?" Hannibal asked, feeling the stink of Will's nails in his wrist.

Will laughs, a hollowness in his stomach ever-expanding. " What do *you* want? " Will nods to the swollen cock stabbing him in the inner thigh. "Hmm?" He grinds his hips, swiveling in a circle, rough, messy. Hannibal realized a broken cry, quivering underneath him. Will leans in mouth open and glistening, eyes some sort of seductive hell unleashed. " Look at you, moaning like a whore for me." He increases the pressure, full weight on top of the forming knot. Rubbing, thrusting.

" Ah, W-will, please," Hannibal begs, for what, he doesn't know. For control? For domination? He gave that up, out the window with his sanity ever since he left his omega all alone.

" You want this *alpha*?" Will's voice bent on the word, his stomach nauseous at his own unmistakable hardness. Hannibal moans with one last attempt to break free, Will doesn't relent, just grips harder, rolling his hips and panting in his ear. " You going to *take* what I *give* you," Wil bites down on the alphas neck, he feels the short spasm of pleasure rise in him...

!You sick fuck you're enjoying this!

Wetness runs down Will's chin, the taste of Hannibal's blood making him feral. His tongue laps up the iron and he roughly humps the alpha into submission. Short sighs and grunts roll from Hannibal's tongue as Will makes him helpless to his wrath...*If that's what he's calling it...*

The heat between their thighs makes both men quiver, savage lust, and undeniable connection. Will thrusts harder, bones in each of their pelvises hitting while Hannibal begins to tip over the edge.

" Tell me you hate me." Hannibal breathes into Will's curls, orgasm building rapidly under his feral beast. " Tell me- please." He whines, breathing in Will's scent, savoring it.

Will struggles to breathe, chasing his own high, *so close,* " It- it wouldn't make a difference. You're still- you're-" Will gasps as feels the heat of Hannibal's release as he writhes underneath him, hips rutting uselessly, fucking a whole that isn't there.

" I'm still what?" Hannibal whispers raspy. Will lets go of Hannibal's hands, disallowing his orgasms to take heed, slowing shifting off of the man, cock throbbing in anger.

" It doesn't change anything. *This* doesn't change anything. " Will gestures to the both of them as he stares past Hannibals greying locks and into the many mummified bodies that line the cave-like place he has sinned in. Silently he wonders how many skeletons are held here and if Hannibal could fill a room like this- only larger with the bones of his kills. He shutters, shame flowing through him.

" This changes things for me, Will." Hannibal's eyes beg for his mate to look at him, even though it's a courtesy he might not deserve, *or hasn't earned,..yet.*

Will stands, brushing the dirt off his pants that were stained with the alphas come. " This meant nothing." His voice broke, tears welling begging to fall... he bit his tongue and

whispered, " *You* meant nothing." He turned briskly and began jogging down the path out of the catacombs. His trial leaving a man too heartbroken to move.

Control

Hannibal didn't often make plans...He'd play his cards, see what would happen, and lived for the result. His ways made him often the producer of chaos...But never the follower of it.

Will. He was a storm, and Hannibal became detailed, twisted up in it. The boy came, he saw, he recked. Leaving him on the ground, the faint ghost of touch, hands, and pressure still heating his skin. His spend love surrounded him, hot and wet, it was meant to be *inside* his mate, not waisted. When Hannibal's breath evened out, and it did, finally the fog of omega pheromones lifted and the thoughts came rushing in...

What was he expecting? The boy to welcome him in his arms like a soldier coming home from war? Like a hero back from glorious battle? *No*...Now it was Hannibal, alone and growing cold who was left to pick up the pieces of the tornado that left everything around him in shambles. For once he wasn't the cause of misery, he was miseries target. He groaned collecting himself to his feet, still shaky from the heat in his belly being expelled by lover's hands. Dusting off his slacks and carding a hand through tousled hair, he made his way out of the catacombs and into the night.

He had a job to do, to sweep up the mess, mend the rips and bevels...Will was too obvious with his rage, his blatant disregard for Hannibal and his own safety made it a problem...His problem, his responsibility.

And the problem had a name.

Inspector Pazzi. The man from his past knew too much...

Hannibal didn't often make plans, but this... was necessary. This was an old score that he would delightfully settle. in the only way, he knew how...Bloody.

* * *

Hannibal's motorcycle thrummed off with a violent hum, engine bursting noise out into the warm Italian air. He swung a leg off the clad black machine, a stiff look stuck to his brow and a glistening haze on his locked eyes...

They followed his target, the target that he had been silently tracking for days now all over Italy. Pazzi wasn't a fool, he had made frequent trips to Palazzo Capponi in hopes to catch a glimpse of his fated *Il Mostro*... Little did he know, he was getting tailed by an alpha and an alpha who had an omega to protect...Even if he didn't want it, Hannibal would protect Will for the rest of his life, anything that came near him was good as dead.

Hannibal breathed deeply, savoring the faint flavor of the beta male. His footsteps into the museum were cautious, the cracks in the aged floor were danced around in a balance of heal

to toe. It was dark, the dusty air held faint light, but Hannibal's eyes zoned in, teeth bared and ready to strike...

The sound of a phone chiming made him step back, he hid behind a vantage point, listening.

" Sir, this is not the time-" Pazzi's voice was hushed, quiet like a nervous animal wrestling in its cage. His silhouette hung in Hannibal's sightline, he gripped his scalpel, ready at any moment to strike. " Yes, yes, I am looking into it now, he's," Pazzi's voice showed signs of fear, the air began to stink with it.

"Do you know where he is now?" Hannibal dared closer, ears tuned to the humming voice on the other end of the line.

" He's proven hard to find," The frustration in the man's voice made Hannibal's chest tingle.

" *You'll get your money when I have him, And inspector,*" The male tone held firm, Pazzi twitched under its thrall, *an alpha maybe...* " *I don't take kindly to those who don't deliver.* "

Pazzi clicked the line, his breath pattern faster now, Hannibal can smell the beta's sweat as he takes his flashlight out of its holder. His steps shuffle around like a lost dog weary and in need of a guide. Hannibal counts the breaths the man takes until he gets to the window sill. And then...

The lights flick on, he wants to see the light fade out of the man's eyes clearly. His golden-brown eyes narrow, steps quickening, hands constrict like a cobra around the inspector, he cranes his neck, eager to see the man's eyes recognize him... After all, he is his past, his present. The struggle lands the men bouncing off glass table tops, Pazzi slips the soul of his foot under the alpha stance, he growls as they collide with the ground. Hannibal reaches for the rope tried around his arms, lassoing the man. The beta hisses at the tightness as Hannibal brings them both up to their feet.

The fear is told in the man's micro-expressions, his twitching bloodied lip, his flush face, eyes dilated, breath erratic. The way he goes mute even when prompted to speak as Hannibal's hands busily start rolling a big floor polisher into the room and working with its thick orange power cord, tying a hangman's noose in the plug end of the cord, making the traditional thirteen wraps.

As he ties the noose he breathes in his ear " Your ancestor, Francesco, hung outside the Palazzo. Did you know that? " Pazzi tries to wiggle free, but this isn't escape-able " This particular illustration I've seen in the Palazzo Capponi is bowels out. I've seen others bowels in. " He holds up an old wooden carving of a man hanging by his neck -- his entrails snaking down around his feet. Pazzi groans, much to Hannibal's pleasure.

The scent of a complete and utterly terrified man makes his stomach audible rumble. " I haven't had a bite all day. Actually, your liver and kidneys would be suitable for dinner right away -- tonight, even -- but the rest of the meat should hang a week in the current cool conditions. I did not see the forecast, did you?" Hannibal watches the man's lip, now covered in sweat waver in a curved line. " He passes the noose he tied from electrical over Pazzi's head, securing it around his neck with a canine showing smile... " If you tell me what I need

to know, Commendatore, it'd be convenient for me to leave without my meal. I'll ask you the questions and then we'll see. " He steps back head tilted, looking his artwork up and down...Pleased. But still...

" Who was on the phone Inspector? Hm?" He thumped the beta's already reddened cheeks, he whined, trying to catch his panting breath. Then, unexpectedly, a wet gob of saliva projected itself onto his face, the stir-crazy man *spit* on him.

" I won't tell you a think monster!" The bound man hissed, eyes reddening, bloodshot, and smeared with watery tears. Hannibal growled, eyes flashing red as he opened the large glass window, the night air funneling in.

" I guess that was a no," Hannibal smirked, " Nonetheless Commendatore I can still take the information I want." He breathed in his ear as he reached for the man's pant pocket his fingers grazed the smooth face of the cell phone, now all that was left was to get in the search histo-

Hannibal cried out. Teeth bit into his hand just as he pulled the device free from its fabric confines. He glanced up to see a knot tie was loosened on the betas neck, just enough for him to wiggle for a chomp to his hand. As the mouth clamped over his fingers he lost control of the phone, its sleek body slipping from his agile hands out the window and onto the stone courtyard two stories down.

" You-"

The man stopped speaking, he choked loudly at the noose tightened once again, this time, with no errors. Hannibal needed to control his emotions, it was making him sloppy. The knot fell free because of *him*, his failure to see the misalignment in the grooves. His head once again remained in his mate, in the clouds, and not on the ground... " Speaking of ground," His tone twisted into what a smile would sound like on a sinner's lips. " Which do you think, Commendatore? Bowels in or bowels out?... I think out." He gripped the man at the front, taking one last smell of the man he was now choosing not to devour later...The kill couldn't link him or Will to the scene, he now realizes.

In a fluid movement, Hannibal pulls his blade from his breast pocket, his the small but sharp knife flashing up Pazzi's front, his screams sing like angles hymns in his ears. Blood pours as the last bit of flesh is sliced clean, chest to abdomen.

He calmly tips Pazzi forward, out the window. His body falls to the extent of the electrical cable. It pulls whip-crack taut with a loud chilling crack -- Pazzi's neck-snapping. Only Pazzi's bowels continue his descent, ribboning from his abdomen and raining down onto the ancient cobblestones below.

Beautiful.

Hannibal climbs the stairs, feet thumping down hollow stairs until he reaches the bottom. His eyes look up to see his masterpiece in full then low to the broken pieces of technology to the left of the fresh corpse. He gathers the scattered pieces, shoving them into his pocket before taking a mental photograph of the scene for one of the many rooms of his mind place.

The air smells of iron as the cannibal slips away without his meal...

Will balanced the blade on his forefinger and thumb, its weight foreign but familiar, one just like this had plunged into him months ago.. Time felt like a lie, it felt like yesterday he was feeling the life inside of him flutter at the sound of his voice..At the sound of both their voices. He must have felt how his mother's pulse quickened in the days before the plunge. The days before the ceiling fell out and the stars went dark.

The shake of his hand sent the linoleum knife to the floor, its pointed end perfectly jabbed into the aged wood below. Will lets out a shaky sigh, retrieving the small knife and slipping it back in his coat pocket.

His feet were moving to the other side of the room when the maids outside his door chatted...

" No, no it was horrible, really, blood all over the cobblestone, they said the man hung all night before the authorities noticed." Will's shoes stop, his ear is now flat against the door as he holds his breath.

" The poor soul who found him-" The sound of paper rustling ignited chills to Will's skin.

" Yeah, but even more so for the man, they say he was an officer, a higher-up, an inspector."

" Jesus Mary and Joseph. I-" Will abruptly wedged the door open, face pink and breath leaving him in spurts. He takes a step closer to the gossiping woman.

" Can i-" He clears his throat, nervously licking his dry lips. " I can I see that?" His eyes flicked to the newspaper marked with today's date. He must have looked a mess, hair tousled, eyes wild, because the taller of the two women took a step back.

" Um," Her look questioning his eyes. A look of nerves and suspicion.

Will puts on a fake smile, " Just for a minute, I promise." The other woman with her hair dark pulled into a bun slowly handed over the greyish paper, hands unsteady. He took it softly, forcing a calm he knew wouldn't last.

His eyes scanned the fresh ink, half in Italian half English.

Man hangs from the Palazzo Capponi, outside the Library. His innards cast out through a wound in stomach. Body found this morning near cold. The inspector's neck snapped upon impact. No evidence thus far-

" *He doesn't leave evidence.*" His mind sung his own words, the ones he had directed to Pazzi. Will scans the other pages for pictures, there's none. " Is this it?" Will asks the passive workers, they both nod shyly. He lets out a heavy sigh and hands the paper back to the woman. Turning his body back into the room he had stayed too long in thinking...He doesn't need to *think*...He needs to *do*.

Growling he set his duffle on the unmade bed, slapping his clothes and necessities in the black hole. He carefully puts the blade he's been debating killing Hannibal with back in its

case and shoving it into the bottom of the bag.

His chest was heaving, heat pumping at a pace that made his knees weak. Hannibal had killed him. Hannibal was the problem, Will was the solution. He grabs the handle of the bag, busting out of the hotel room in a frenzy.

He marched out slapping money down in a blur. Hands clutching a map he found on the check-out counter with white knuckles.

Once he successfully flagged down a taxi he climbed in the back seat clutching his bag and cursing the alpha smell in the car.

" You wanna put that in the back or?" The man, clearly an alpha, made Wills's lungs burst with it, the scent making him whine like a lost dog.

" Drive." He growled nipping at his lower lip. He found the murder sight on the map, it was all the way north. With the earliest route at twelve hours. He ground his teeth. Hannibal didn't need any extra time away from him, he needed to be there now-

" You- you didn't give a-"

" Nearest train station." He growled Will's commanding voice frightened the alpha to his surprise... Good. He needed to cultivate that anger inside of him, it would be useful to override any fondness he has for his mate.

It was time to sever the line.

* * *

Twelve hours was a long time. Maybe too long.

The train hummed, jolting and vibrating. The close they Will got to his destination the more his mark started to burn. He had felt the relief of his mate's skin days prior when he was grinding him into the ground. It was...Electric, like food and water to a starved body, or warmth to a hypothermic man. Will shivered, hot cocoa cup scalding in hand as he leaned into the small window seat he managed to scrounge last minute.

The world passed by as he tried to sleep. But every time he closed his eyes, he was there.

His voice, the small moans and jerks of his mate's hips, he could still feel it. He could still feel *it* pulsing against his thigh as Hannibal whimpered underneath him. And of was it a glorious sight, the alpha splayed out under his touch, desperate, keening, and thick with arousal. The thought brings heat to his belly and shame to his heart.

He was going to confront him, wasn't he? Put his blade to his skin, punish him for all his crimes, his foul deeds. His sins. Or maybe the minute he makes contact he'll fall apart, just like last time, like the weak omega he is.

Will bit his lips until it bled, the hot chocolate burning his throat with a flush of singeing pain. He needed pain, it grounded him. Or at least he thought it did.

He watched the hills of Italy twist and tumble as his mind went utterly blank, exhaustion took him under before he could protest.

" Do you want to control him, or kill him?" Alana's voice was back in his unconscious mind again, probing around where it didn't belong...

" No, it's not, it's not like that." Will mumbles.

" Then how's it like Will? He stabs you, kills me, and leaves you to what? Drownd in a pool of your own blood on his kitchen floor? He left you to die Will. You need to do whats right, you need to kill him." Alana's voice probes his waking mind, undefended from dreams the haunt his sleep.

" He left- he- he didn't want to kill me, his blade would have gone deeper he would strike something-"

" But he did." Alana corrects, calm and soothing yet cold and distant. *" He took something from you Will, you cant get it back. You know you can't get it back, no matter how many times you try you won't, the possibility of a life with him is folly. Kill him."*

" I- He didn't know, he couldn't have he-"

" Is that what you're going to do? Defend him, Will? The man who took your child and your womb? The possibility of ever housing life again just ripped from you-" The bite in her voice was real it had teeth. They were piercing Will's heart.

" No, stop, please stop, I can't do this. He didn't know, oh god he didn't know." Will trashes in his sleep, eyes rolling back to the white's hands covering his ears.

" If he ever loved you, it doesn't matter, he poisoned your mind Will, are you going to make an excuse for my death next?"

" N-no" Will shifts head rolling against the cold window.

" Then avenge me, do what I can't. Save yourself. " Alana's slashed throat is once again in his mind, her blood blooming in rivers as he watches, *" Kill him."* She whispers one last time before melting back into his subconscious.

Will is shaken away by a stranger, he screams, choking on tears as his eyes open. " Sir," The woman above him says, " Sir this is the last stop." He blinks hard, rubbing his burning mark on his throat, then gets up with his bag, walking straight into hell.

Everyday Forever

Chapter Summary

Trigger Warning: Suicidal Ideation.

It was dark, the sky starless and unkind. Will breathed the crisp night air, he didn't feel real. The train station was utterly quiet as the last of the carts disappeared in the distance, leaving the omega utterly alone. Wills eyes canted through the large standing map that connected the stops like a superhighway. The distance to the Palazzo Capponi was walkable, but still, his body felt on the edge of sleeps lul again. Will rubbed his sensitive eyes and grumbled.

He couldn't do what he came to do half asleep now could he.

With a roll of his to blue eyes and a kick to the grass on the side of the bus stop, he made his way to the nearest suitable place to crash.

He was running out of money and running out of time. The bedsheets smelt of cigarette ash and tree bark, they were coarse, gritty. He shoved a pillow over his head with a groan and breathed slowly. His palms lay flat over overused fabric, air armed and he felt his lungs constrict. His feet spasmed, voice choking as he smoothed himself to sleep. The pressure added soon to be faded and as his grip weaned, his eyes began to close.

It was the only piece he was going to get.

* * *

He avoided his face in the reflective mirror of the motel bathroom, grabbing his things in a huff. Was he eager? Or just desperate to get this whole thing over with...But could he? Could he really? His hands tremble at the thought of the blade he bought coated with warm oozing blood. The red, so defined and vibrant he wasn't quite sure it wasn't on his hands now.

He cleared his throat, shaking his head to throw the vision he may come to see or to regret. Will threw his duffle on the bed, his clothes spilling out his leftover money, and a small black box shoved into his pant pocket. He only glanced once over his shoulder at the rest of his things just laying there before he walked out the door. Fuck it right? If Hannibal was going down, so was he. He didn't need necessities where he was going.

He followed the map on his phone, its battery fading from the damage Will did to the cord last night waking from yet another nightmare. His head felt full of thoughts that weren't his. Not all him, at least. Alana had taken over residency in his skull and she was shifting the walls around and putting signs up that led to the wrong direction. The little sleep he got was a blessing wrapped in absolute terror. Tossing and turning on the lumpy mattress, the best his money could buy, made him crave the warmth of his mate's embrace more and more. He bit back the thought.

The massive structure of the Capponi library was still slicked in Pazzi's bouts of blood, Will's eyes scaled the two stories straight up with something akin to...Jealousy.

Maybe if he was dead he wouldn't have these nightmares, maybe if he was dead he wouldn't feel so, so broken.

He swallowed thickly and breathed in the scent of the bleach cleaner the clean-up crew was slathering on the bushes flowers and cobblestones. When they were done the air would smell like lemon and it would be if *he* was never here.

And he wasn't, here that is, his scent was far faded, barely a wisp of pine and honey. Oh, the forest of endless horror and wonder that was his lover's neck... The heat raised scent of his body as he writhed on top of Will, teeth in his neck.

" Were conjoined now. Were one." Hannibal's voice in his head made him everything but sick, he hated it.

The taste of his alpha was long evaporated from his dry lips.

He licked at them as her voice came to him once again, a sleeping sickness too foul to stay awake from. Only this time, it took on a new tone, " *I went to the Uffizi and stood before the original Primavera day after day, and most days...I'd see a young Lithuanian man as transfixed by the Botticelli as I was. As transfixed as I imagined il Mostro would be.* " Pazzi's accent wrapped in death and decay alighted a spark in Will's dark mind.

Il Mostro was still at large...And he knew exactly where he would be... Where he would *hide*.

Will's legs shook as he approached his mate, the back of his to still to perfect, graying slicked-back hair was now at eye level with him.

Will shivers as the pads of his fingers make contact dragging sparks over Hannibal's shoulder of his newly tailored suit, he takes his seat beside his mate whose head is lowered. Hannibal's hands are busy with sketching. The smell of charcoal and graphite are in the air, ash like

meteors in the very night sky and stars Will had been searching for days now, hoping for their end to be different. For many things to be, but that wasn't reality, was it?

Hannibal's breath is uneven like the man had just ran a flight of stairs, his eyes, only looking up once or twice to flick to the painting he was once so allured by...

" If I saw you every day forever, Will, I would remember this time." The gravel tone of the alpha makes out his throat makes Will's insides quiver. The smell of his breath so close and warm in his nose makes him ache to move closer. He twitches, thighs shaking, still, he sits unmoved and not entirely sure how to proceed with this. Shall he lure the man in with cohesion andpetty lies? No, his mate would sense that from miles away. What then? Logic and half-truths that scathe honesty and border on vulnerability? Will wasn't sure he could stand getting emotional, it would...compromise him from his mission. A mission his own subconscious had sent him to hatch out like a coup almost against his will...Almost.

" Strange to see you in front of me, like this, after," He pauses, The two men's eyes catch, a hint of flame in both irises scorches their blood and bones. Neither makes an attempt to touch the other as silence ensues. " After everything we've been through, after everything *you* put me through." Honestly slid and bubbled from his throat to quick to hot to swallow down. Hannibal twitched but didn't continue his gaze, eyes going back to his pencil and paper, transfixed.

" Will," That tone again, full of ache and wincing, a quiet howl. " I want you to believe the best of me," He breathes, Will's convinced the air is blown on purpose and malicious intent, still, the goosebumps reluctantly raise of all surfaces of his worn out body.." Just as I believe in the best of you."

" I looked up at the night sky there." The boat in his mind turned with the waves in his heart. " Orion above the horizon and, near it, Jupiter." He mapped it out again and again since the night floating in the middle of the sea, whiskey on his lips and a pain so brilliant in his heart..." I wondered if you could see it, too. I wondered if our stars were the same." He had to air his sins, man of them belonging to his thoughts on Hannibal, his longing for the man that had done so much wrong.

" I believe some of our stars will always be the same. You entered the foyer of my mind and stumbled down the hall of my beginnings." Will tried not to gasp at the mans words, tears picked the corners of his eyes as he felt the cool stab of empathy he never could rid himself of. " Tell me, Will, Where does the difference between the past and the future come from?"

" Mine?" Will chuckled, gripping his knees, he sighs, setting into his answer like an uncomfortable ill-fitting shoe, " Before you and after you. Yours? It's all starting to blur." Will forces his breathing to calm as he traces the veins in Hannibal's hands with his eyes, the sketch he had been tirelessly working on wasn't of the Botticelli... The air lifts from his lungs, stolen by pencil and paper's kiss.

" Hannibal," Will's voice broke half stuck in his chest. He looked to the near-perfect likeness of himself staring back at him, his heart raced. " I-" The warmth of Hannibal's touch enveloped his hand.

I can't do this. I can't do this. Oh god, I can't do this. The knife in his coat pocket's weight was a sinking stone pulling him down.

" If you don't do It I will," Alana hissed, his non-held hand began to snake its way to his coat pocket. " *He took everything from us-"*

" No!" Will screamed, panting, legs like jelly as Hannibal's golden eyes looked up to him. " I can't, I just...can't. Goodby Hannibal" Tears fell as he raced out, heart hammering hand still lit with sparks from the alphas touch. He ran out the flight of stairs to the service entrance made for museum workers, out the door and out into the side street ally.

He leaned against the brick wall mind screaming at him to go back, just go *back.* He ignored his heart's pleas, facing his head at the red brick, he stuck his forehead twice, three times. The smell of his own blood dulling his senses as his nails clawed at the stone.

The scent of iron slowly mingled with fresh pine, earth, and mint. And he knew he wasn't alone. "Leave." He growled still not looking at the alpha, he couldn't, it was too dangerous, he'd- he'd-

" William, please your hurt-" Will twisted around teeth bared and snarling.

" Please go, now." Hannibal reached out, he moved away quickly, but not quick enough.

Will's eyes dilated as the handle hit the ground first, the clank of the small blade sent shivers down his spine.

Hannibal's eyes followed the noise to the pavement.

How God Forgives

“ You dropped your forgiveness, Will.” Hannibal attempted to pick up the linoleum knife identical to the one he had stabbed his lover with eight months prior. “You forgive how God forgives. Would you have done it quickly, or would you have stopped to gloat?”

Will in a rage gets to it first, slamming the cannibal into the brick wall of the ally. “ You don’t get to talk about gloating.” His arms feel heavy as he presses all his strength down on his alpha's chest. “ *You*, the one who couldn’t see what was right in front of him. “ Tears brim his eyes, his hot breath puffing out his teeth in a snarl as he feels Hannibal give and begin to not fight back.

“ And what’s that-“ Hannibal tries to speak, Will doesn't let him.

“ To blind,” Will barked. “ You were too blind. Blinded by jealousy of a woman who hadn’t even touched me!" Will felt his body cave in on itself, he could hold it in anymore. It was all to much.

" I was yours! “ He screamed, slamming Hannibal weakly, tears melting on his hot cheeks. “ *Always yours.* “ Will's breathy whisper caught on his last words. His blue eyes looked into his mates, Hannibal’s pupils were blown, eyes near black and unblinking. He gritted his teeth, and began to move the curve of the blade to Hannibal’s throat, his Adam’s Apple bobbed as he swallows thick. The tip cut a shallow line, the blood beaded, the smell making Will feel more crazed. More helpless to what was consuming him. Not hate, not vengeance. But love. Twisted and broken into what felt akin to passionate rage.

“ Did you really not know?” He yelled, hands shaking, eyes begging, lips trembling. The blade stays put on Hannibal's neck as he breathes shallowly to avoid being cut further.

" *Finish him off, do it.*" Alana eggs in his mind, an unwelcome spectator. He fights her away, squeezing his eyelids shut, mentally shoving her in a locked box never to be opened again. It was just him and Hannibal now, and she no longer had sway over him.

As he opened his eyes Hannibal's hands came up to stroke his face, he flinches away. Sick by how good it feels on his skin. “ You took everything from me!” He stepped closer, part of him wanting to end the man in his grasp, the other desperately wanted to claim the murders lips, fuck him right there in the ally outside the museum.

He did neither, instead, he asked, “ Did you really not feel him? He was yours! Your own! “ His voice was hoarse, more tears fell, he could feel the man beneath him start to shake, his perfect person suit shattering into little bits.

Will moved so their lips were an inch apart, tears slicked his face, voice breaking as he speaks, “Did you feel him when you sliced the blade inside me, inside my womb... you had to know.” He let go of the blade it fell once more to the ground. Will's energy completely spent and his head throbbing.

Hannibal stepped closer kicking away the Metal. “ if I had known-“ His hands were on his mate once again, Hannibal could feel his insides screaming.

“Alana was supporting me! I didn’t know what to do, I was lost-“ Will's words were muffled as Hannibal enveloped him in his strong embrace. Will fought it for a moment before melting into him, his smell surrounding him. Hands held him as he crumpled into a tight hold. " I was so lost." He choked on tears leaning all his weight on his lover, his only stability. His compass.

" Will," A hand stroked down his face, " Will, can you hear me?" His skin hummed at his touch as his eyelids fluttered shut. He felt lips at his neck before everything plunged into darkness.

Hannibal's hands took his shoulder. Will's body limp and still, his jaw lay slack against his body as he held him. He balanced as he opened the door to his loft apartment, trying not to bump the unconscious angel in his arms.

Will's body was hot to the touch, his cheeks were burning and glowing pink, the back of his neck, nested in curls was damp with sweat. Hannibal's hands traced Will's lower lip and for a second he almost let impulse sweep him away into unwarranted touch, he shrugged it off, this was not about him, nor his desires, this was about his mate and *his* wellbeing. He stepped away from the boy long enough to hobble into the large tile bathroom, its walls decorated with what seemed like a thousand mirrors, and turned on the water of the clawfooted tub. Making sure the temperature was no more than lukewarm then plugging it.

He began unbuttoning the worn flannel Will was wearing and softly shrug it off his mate's arms, he noticed as he caressed the freckles and moles on his lower forearm how small his wrists had become, he hadn't noticed until now how frail he looked, how malnourished. It caused a pain deep in his chest where most people think his heart ought to be if he had one, but nothing would repair him for this...

His own mark, his handiwork caved into porcelain skin. A smile. Thick and raised and taunting him with its stare. He stared back, the shallow movements of Will's breath moving the curved scar like it was alive. His hands brushed at Will's naked stomach, he made no sounds, no gasps of pain and horror. His eyes just fluttered, and Hannibal stood back a moment, collecting himself.

He had done this. All of it.

Hannibal's amber eyes hooked to the younger man's collar bones, his hands undoing a belt with extra notches made to the smaller end as he further undressed him.

Now with his hand, he dabbed a cloth on his mate's forehead. His body stripped all but his undergarments and was now submerged in bathwater. He slowly cleaned the blood from his furrowed brow as he began to shift and stir.

" H-Hannibal." Will groaned, eyes still closed, body surrendering to the water and the alphas healing touch. Hannibal's heart was thudding in his ears.

He craned his neck sideways to see the omegas curls stuck to his face, Hannibals eyes flooded with a haze of remorse as he bathed his beloved. Hannibal pressed the cloth to his temple, a stream of water trickled past the clavicle then his left nipple. His eyes then fell to the silver messy mark. He touched it lightly, feeling the ripped tissue under his thumb.

He would make this right, even if it costs him everything...

" Will, your alright I've got you." He heard Hannibal's voice looming above him like a dream.

" Where- where am I?" Will asked eyes fuzzy and skin buzzing, his heavy limbs were sprawled out on a large bed, Hannibal's possessive gaze overhead, watching his every move. He swallowed thickly at the closeness after so long apart.

" You're safe, you're with me." Hannibal stoked his skin...His naked skin Oh shit he didn't did he? He frantically searched the Italian apartment for clues, his clothes lay on a chair beside the bed, neatly folded.

" A bathtub? You put me in a bathtub?!" Will asked angrily, eyes tracing the gold tub from afar that once held the entity of his weak body judging by his still-damp skin, he tried to move only to be met with the tsk of the older man above holding him in place.

" After everything that happened in the ally...I- "Hannibal's hands began to rub circles into Will's shoulder replacing words that wouldn't come. It felt amazing, he leaned into the touch for a split second before sitting up on the bed altogether, A wave of heat fell over him, harsh and unwelcome.

" Hannibal!" He smacked his open palm over the alphas growing scowl. The leftover wetness of his fingers slapped his alphas surprisingly stubbly face with a thwack, sending him wobbling back. Will rose quickly-to quickly- from his lying body to be met with a thumping

headache that made his knees weak. He made it a few steps away before his body tipped in the direction of the floor a full 30 degrees before Hannibal caught him.

" No!" He thrashed against the hold as his cheeks began to heat up all over again, " Hannibal let me go, please." But the man didn't relent. Arms wrapped tight. Hannibal brought Will to his neck stroking his still wet back and kissing at his damp curls. Will struggled as he was lifted and moved elsewhere.

Will kicked, biting at Hannibal's neck but that only seemed to spur the man on more. His feet got back to the edge of the bed. Hannibal laid him down softly, pinning his hands to his sides as he fought, crying and blubbering like a child. " Let me go." Will pleaded, tears streaming down his face onto Hannibal's neck as he held him.

Hannibal's gip was still rough, his thighs separated Will's legs until he was held between them. " Never," Hannibal whispered to the back of Will's neck, tickling his hairs. His hot lips engulfed his throat. Will winced expecting a harsh bite...But no teeth were in this kiss, no fangs ripped at his flesh, just soft wet-to wet- *was Hannibal crying?* " I'm never letting go of you a-again mylimas. " His mate snuffled as he pulled Will closer so there were flush chest to chest.

The booming thump of Hannibal's heart was in Will's stomach, and for once In the past year, maybe more, he let himself relax, burrowing inside his mate's scent, letting it surround him. " I'm sorry." He kissed Will's throat, again and again. And slowly he released Will's wrists. Will took the opportunity to get the upper hand, flipping Hannibal on his back with all his strength.

" Your sorry?!" Will hissed tears wetting his entire face now, his body felt like a flame come to life. " You can't just apologize Hannibal and think it will be fine!" Wills's knee dug into Hannibal's ribcage, he coughed but let him press on. " It will never be fine! Ever! I will always feel this way. " Will shakes, something inside breaking down the more and more he realizes what is truly happening with his body. " Some *sick* part of me," Their eyes met Gold and red alike, filled with pain and lust.

" Will, you're going into heat, and I-"

" God damnit shut up or so help me!" He pushed harder Hannibal choked out a moan, the pain lighting him up like electricity...

" Some part of me will always want this! Always want you... " Will lets his grip slip. Hannibal gasps choking, but still, he reaches. Hannibals palm cups Will's cheek, wet salty warmth on his fingers.

" If there was anything, anything Will, I would- "

Will climbs on top of his alpha, straddling him near-nude and out of his mind with raging hormones he hasn't felt since before he was first pregnant. He hates feeding this way, helpless to his needs, and urges no matter what he does.

" What would you do? You cant do a thing, Hannibal! It's over, he's gone and there's nothing left." He screams into Hannibal's face, their breath mingling, their nose's brush as Hannibal pulls him closer, one hand on the back of his neck the other on his bare waist, still possessive, still...temping.

" There's you. " Hannibal's hot air blows while Will shivers, useless to this bond, this terrible lovers embrace. Will can feel the tension about to break, feel himself giving in, scared it's not just the hormones or the bites, that he might truly, deeply...

" I love you, Will." Hannibal breathes an effortless puff of air with words so heavy on his lips.

Will's ears buzz at the sound of the honest confession, his head faces away from his mate's teary gaze. It was poison. Pulling him down, but he was already in so so very deep. A hand covers his, warm over his shaking knuckles.

He turns on a dime, pouncing on Hannibal, bitting his neck hard. Hannibal moans beneath him, it's a broken hiss, lustful and loud. Will slams him against the thick wooden headboard,

" I hate you." He growls. *I wish could hate you.* His mind corrects. It would be so much easier to get the knife in his pant pocket and end this now but...

His hands take hold of the alphas hips instead, Hannibal fights the grip, they toss and turn together on the satin sheets, limbs overlapping, teeth nipping at exposed flesh. Their lengths brush, zaps of molten heat roll through Will's hips and he can't take it anymore. Right or wrong he couldn't hold that part of him back anymore. Can't hold on to himself without him.

They wrestle and roll until Will is fully on top of him, hips flat to the roundness of Hannibal's ass, only covered by thin fabric. He grinds himself with a hefty grunt against Hannibal's hole, leaning over his naked back to lick at the alpha scent where its strongest, over the shallow bite, marks his omega teeth made minutes earlier.

" Ahh, Will. " Hannibal groans realizing what is about to come of his mate's heat. Feeling the bulge at his back already leaking and hot. Will grasp at his waistline.

" You wouldn't know love," Two fingers thrust into Hannibal's mouth, he lapped at them, willing, able. He would take anything just to feel Will again. " If it spread you opened and fucked you full." Will's words were drowned out by a hissing growl followed by a soft whimpering noise as Will inserted the slicked fingers in one go into the alphas hole.

" Ah fuck," The tip of Will's cock passed the not nearly stretched enough rim of his lover, his head thrown back in a gasp as his nails dug into the flesh of Hannibals hips, pushing him deeper, further into the enticing tight heat. Will spread Hannibal's thighs wider with his knees, mounting him like dog, fucking into him, marking him as he was marked.

" Will, " Hannibal gasped, arching like a slut for him, Will's teeth snapped at him as his back covered his mates, sweaty and flush. Skin to skin, bone to bone. " Oh, Will, please."

But Will wouldn't touch the alpha there. His pitiful knot forming into nothing but air as he supports himself with his hands, useless. " No, " He hissed at Hannibal's ear, kissed at the space between his sideburns and collarbone. " You don't deserve that. You deserve," Wills's hips snapped harshly cock purposely avoiding Hannibal's prostate, taking his pleasure singularly. His hands bruising over the cannibal's tanned skin.

Mine. " You deserve, "Will's voice calls again, heightened with arousal, nearing his peak as the bed rocks with a force he didn't know he had in him. He moans biting his lips, thighs shaking. " To be bred like the dog you are."

Hannibal nods shyly, grunting in approval, " I'm sorry." He whispers, voice broken, cock leaking on the black satin. His knees ache, his hole tender and stretched over Will's love and hate for him.

" Say it again," Will commands, sweat crawling down his back, his whole body alive with the scent and taste of the man below him, so willing to submit to his power. They were true equals both terrible and glorious combined. Killers, murderers. Will paints in time with him, so close to the edge, his stomach tightening as he feels his scar hit Hannibal's back again and again. Will's teeth find the taste of forest and pure life again, so hard he tastes the life source within him, making it his own. " Say it like you mean it." Will's hips stutter.

" I'm sorry, Will, please, " He begs aching for it.

Shaking Will's nimble long fingers grip and squeeze the alpha knot.

" Mmph, " Hannibal whines loudly as he's milked, Will's hips jackhammering the release out of him, heat spilling on his hand.

" Oh, god, H-Hannibal, I'm, oh god." His mate's hole clenches down on his cock, sending him spilling deep inside the alpha, fucking him full of his come. Will's abdomen pulses and quivers as he hides out the sensations he's wanted to feel for so long.

The pair collapses in each other's arms breathless, un-moving for some time.

Until Hannibal feels Will's hand cupping his cheek, he looks up lips parted to see his omega still blissed out, mouth red with his blood. " Oh, how I've missed you lamb."

Will shifts leaning in to place an open mothed kiss on Hannibal's lips, he wants to taste him once last time before drifting off. Their tongues tangle lazily, then they break hold. " I've missed you too," Will says nuzzling the scruffy face beside him. His words weren't a lie, although he may have wished them to be.

Hannibal lays his thigh over his boy, claiming as they both fall asleep.

Achilles Come Down

Chapter Summary

//Trigger Warning // Suicide//Attempts//

" Achilles come down, won't you
Get up off
Get up off the roof?

You're scaring us
And all of us
Some of us love you
Achilles, it's not much but there's proof

Achillies come down, Achillies get up off the roof "

The air was cold, it blew through the open window their white shades just a blur in the wind. Goosebumps replaced lovers' touch and tight embrace as Will quietly lifted his to warm body out of the bed. Careful to put each foot down on the floor without a creek...His clothes still staked lied on the corner table, he reached with some enthusiasm, No one wanted to find a body, let alone an unclothed one, He knew that from experience.

Will's fingers slipped the fabric up his shoulders, buttoning his flannel up once last time. *It wasn't nerves.* He told himself, he knew what he had to do...It was deliverance. From pain, from pleasure...From being.

Will shrugged his pants over his slim hips, eyes narrowing at the belt, but the window rafted through again, and his eyes were stolen in a different direction.

The balcony.

He didn't know how many stories up Hannibal's stolen apartment was up, he wasn't awake upon arrival. He crept toward the french door opening, light as a feather on his feet as if he wasn't really there.

He soon wouldn't be.

The stone-lined outside was adorned with rich scenery painted in statuesque figures. Four large wolves lined the edges, their noses pointed to the unforgiving sky. The city of Florence was asleep, as was his alpha as he looked down. A chill rolled through his spine as the sheer lofty height, his stomach turned with razor winged butterflies as his mind settled on a manner of death. It would be quick, too quick for the likes of him at this height. Three stories separated him and the pavement that would soon be painted with his blood.

His breath was shockingly even as he attempted to climb on the massive wolf's shoulder, the stone-cold with many groves that could be used as footholes...Although he wouldn't need them. His nails scraped the harness of the rock as he straddled the sculpture. The blinking lights of buildings far away would be his last sights. He wobbled biting his lip as he pressed on.

Hannibal woke with a groan to find the radiant sun not in the sky nor next to him. The bed smelled of their lovemaking, musky and sweet. But Will was nowhere to be found. His eyes narrowed scanning the flat, not a shape nor a figure lied ahead but hid mate's smell, his fevered sweetness still clung to his tongue. He was close.

The night wind blew and shifted his tousled graying hair, it cared with it the smell of fear and desperation. He began to panic, searching in the small space, every corner, and with every door he opened, nothing.

He closed his eyes, taking in the night air through his chest, his sore body still riddled with marks and bites from hours before. He turned his head, the door to the balcony was unlocked, Hannibal wouldn't be so careless to leave it in such a way. His hands began to shake as he grasped the metal, silently turning and moving the door ajar. His bare feet felt the cold concrete, the smell of sweat and salt from tears was strong. The alpha's eyes flicked in the dark until they landed on Will, holding on to the massive stature, wind in his hair, on the edge. He advanced quickly.

" Get Back!" Will screamed at him, voice shrill, weakened. He stopped his footsteps not wanting to spur his mate further. It was clear now what he planned to do.

"It's not too late, Will, please take my hand." He held a shaking palm out, mind racing, fear taking the front of his mind.

Will moved to him, just to swat the hand of help away than dangling himself further of the edge, tears blurred Will's eyes, his body ached from the position he was in, fingers wrapped around the life-saving structure just enough to hold him on.

" Will. Come with me, come down from there." The windswept his mate's curls wet with sweat, he didn't dare reach again, so close to losing him, so close to both their ends.

" I can't do this, Hannibal. I- I have to." Will sobbed, quivering, thoughts running through his head a million miles a minute. Things he's done, things he's seen, things he's condoned.

The blood on his hands the night he attacked and killed someone, no self-defense just...Carnage. The way the knife melded in his hand as he stabbed Cordell over and over. It was a part of him, a working machine. The darkness from the depths of all those murder tableaux he's seen over the years didn't leak into him, he was the darkness he sought to destroy. And so was Hannibal. And he couldn't stay away, so he needed to put an end to it, all of it...Its not like he's living for another anymore..

" I thought he was the way out, of all, of everything. I could take him and go, leave. Separate myself, divide in two. But I cant and he's gone. And this is what I have left." Wills eyes glassy and blazing blue, his lips bitten and wet. Hannibal steps closer, he shies away moving further down the neck of the wolf. Will sobs and shakes, sniffing, upper arms holding his whole body weight.

" Please, mylimas-"

" I will never forgive you if you come any closer!" Will screamed. *I can't take you with me it's too much.* He let his eyes say the rest.

Hannibal stopped, silently coming up with a plan of action to stop his mate from plummeting to his death. " Will. You are my soul-"

"I can't!" He shouted, voice echoing off clouds and nearby buildings. *He won't be pulled back in again.*

" I can't be this person anymore." Will's voice stuck him, it was terrified, and that was maddening. " I thought I could escape, I thought I could get away. But it's inside, it's here!" A slender hand points to his heart.

" From what, Will, what are you running from?" His heart raced, *he has just gotten him back. This can't be happening.*

" Me." He croaks. Slipping some, bits of rock coming clean off the structure. He whines, Hannibal can feel his pain, feel his every emotion as if it were his. " I'm wrong, I'm sick and I deserve to die."

Tears slip from his eyes, realizing it is ultimately his mate's choice, and he will have to watch. In a split second, he made the decision, his body on the edge between air and platform. " If you're doing this," His voice broke, confused, angered, desperate. " I'm coming with you. " He grabs the railing and swings a leg over, his stomach swings one way, his sanity the other.

" Hannibal no-" Will gasps.

" You don't get to tell me no, Will, you've made your choice!" Will has never heard the alpha raise his voice in this way, " Let me make mine." *I can't live without you.* The cold breeze fills his lungs as he inches closer. " Just tell me one thing before you go."

"Hannibal, please. " Will pleaded, teeth grinding.

He had to do something, distract his mates from this, just for a second. He had to know, " What was his name?"

"What?-" Will's eyes open wide, like two sapphire orbs about to go dark.

" Our son, what did you name him." Hannibals eyes look black in the fresh morning light of day, pain engulfing his features.

" Percy," Will breathes, body tweaking from holding on so long. " Perseus." Wills gaze is torn, pain and anger mixed with love for the lost pup. " After the son of Poseidon, " He begins to grip harder, debating his options, still not wanting to feel a thing anymore. " He- he liked when I showered or took a bath. He would move." The sun rays hit his face and he lost it, wailing uncontrollably.

" I know I will never be able to take it back," The sun touches the alphas hair, his whole face aglow in white and yellow light. " But I am truly sorry for all the pain I've caused you, Will. If only I could see you smile again. " Will sees his body, how close it is to falling off the edge. Hannibal begins to shake as his other leg moves-

" No!" Will growls, hands clawing up the stature meeting Hannibal's limbs, knocking them both off the edge of death with one final burst of energy, the two landing safely on top of one another. Will grips his alpha hard. Sobbing and nuzzling his neck his whole body going limp at the touch.

" I'm sorry." He repeats over and over. Scenting him, breathing him in.

" I'm so sorry," Will says again as Hannibal's hands caress his hair, his mouth hot on his cold neck. " I don't know what came over me, please forgive me, I'm so-"

" My love, " Hannibal moans kissing his salty lips, arms tight over Will's frame. " My lamb." He kisses each of Will's temples.

Will's eyes meet Hannibal's as more tears fell, the eyes of a man he couldn't live with or live without. He buries his nose in his neck and cries, hating what he's done and his own selfish self-loathing that nearly got them both killed. He was stupid, stupid, and afraid. He's still afraid, of himself of his desires, but he knows that he belongs with Hannibal. His heart screams for him when he is away, his bones ache and his blood pumps slower. All he can feel is the pressure in which the man is holding him close, how much they are one soul in two bodies. Their intertwined love and lies brought them here, to this place, to this moment. His heart thumps against the alpha chest, his lips linger over the salt of Hannibal's tears as he licks them clean...

" Can we go inside, please," Will mumbles, still weak. " I'm cold." With no prompting, Hannibal lifts himself up, scooping the omega in his arms holding him like a child as he stokes the goosebumps on his arms.

Will whines, nuzzling into him. " Shh it's alright, it's all okay now darling. " Hannibal cues moving Wills still body onto the dining chair while Hannibal changes the satin sheets of the bed with fresh new ones. The light catches off of the fabric just enough for its sheen to glow.

"All done, come here," Hannibal called to Will whose face was still slick with tears. Will crawled onto the round bed on his knees, exhausted and touch starved.

Hannibal lifted his chin, " May I?" He asked Will, tugging at his shirt.

" Y-yes." Will stammered, body buzzing as his and Hannibal's clothes were removed. They lay skin to skin Will held to his alphas chest as his temple was peppered with kisses. Hannibal's hands roamed over his boy's body, worshiping it, praising it. He felt the alpha's heart rate on his back as he draped over him.

" There see." Hannibal ruts gently at the curve of Will's ass. "You're safe. Alpha has you." Hannibal licked at the mating bite scar, Will moaned breathlessly.

" Mm safe." Will leans back resting his head further on the alphas strong shoulders. " D-Don't let me go..."

Hannibal hums, nipping at Will's earlobe. The vibrations tickle his neck as arousal tickles his tummy. " As I told you, I don't intend to. Not ever." Hannibal rolls, his legs framing Will's body. Will moans as their cocks touch. The kiss shared is hesitant, shallow, but soon blooms into wet needy panting sounds of Will's breath.

" Oh god." He suffocated a whine rutting into the alpha, heat still very much present and driving him mad with need. Hannibal's mouth engulfs his neck, collar bones, nipples, and finally down to his stomach. His tongue laps at the scar making Will shiver. So many sensations he couldn’t tell where one began and the other started.

To The wind that wept his hair on his very own Mountainous peak of destruction, to the heat between his legs now. The warmth of his lover's mouth, his tongue darting, Licking, sucking, marking in only places he could see, in places he owned.

Will's mouth went agape, a sultry soundless howl as Hannibal lapped at the fresh bruising on his inner thigh. He squirmed, moving closer to the devil's tongue, craving it, wanting it for so long. His hands gripped the newly placed soft satin sheets, a move to help him stay calm, center himself, as the man below him sucked at nipped at his balls, tongue swirling as Hannibal’s own moans graced his ears. Like he was in the ultimate height of divinity, even though Will was different, altered after that night, uterus-less, less than normal amounts of slick...A truly broken omega.

But Hannibal wouldn't care, this is what he had created, this was *his* design... After all.

This could all be yours. A voice said. It was deep and dark and it came from a place he once knew to trust,

The way he held you the night he claimed you.

A place so submerged in his past whimpers and cries.

The sweet smell of your slick melting into his skin. dangerous. A frenzy.

Cries of a broken man being overcome, overrun, and enveloped in something he didn't recognize. He did know.

He needed him, he wanted him, he just had to say the words.

Surrender

Surrender

Surrender

“ Please,” Will moaned desperately flicking his cool blue eyes down at the man devouring his length. “ H-Hannibal pl-“

A fanged smile was on lover's lips. “ I thought you’d never ask...Mylimas “ Their eyes hitched, the sun staring at its moon, the one thing that made Will feel alive, the one thing he couldnt-

His brain froze at the gentle caress over his ear, he flinched at the memory. Heart thumping, chest rising, his mouth opened with no words as Hannibal hovered over him...

" You need not be afraid of me William." Hannibal's thumb dipped over his opened mouth, entering the welcoming heat. A small moan rose in Will's throat at the salty taste of the digit. Hannibal's eyes glinted in golden streaming moring light through white shutters, there was no red in them, but instead, honey glazed brown. Pupils dilated and focused.

" I will not hurt you I only-" Will came up with some ferocity to meet the cannibal's lips that hung over his like bate on a fishing lure. He captured him, pulling his body, his warmth and smooth skin like a blanket over Will. Will grabbed Hannibal's wrist and pulled it to connect with his heart as it rattled.

" Do you feel this?" Will asked, husky, tone wet with arousal. " This isn't fear." Their eyes danced as Hannibal felt his lover's pulse, Will licked his lips. " I want you, now, please." Hannibal smiled at the clever almost order and devoured Will's neck, Will gasped feeling his tongue back on his mark, his teeth gently nipping at his tissue as. Hannibal spread his legs.

They stole hungry kisses and Hannibal wet his fingers with Will's spit, a sharp cry came out of his throat as Hannibal's perfectly not lubed enough fingers breached him. He arched on the bed, head laid on a pillow now marked with his sweat-damp curls. A chill passed up his spine when he felt the blunt head of Hannibals cock kiss his rim. He hocked his ankles on his mate's shoulder and his hands tied knots in the sheets as he braced for a less slick entrance.

Then Hannibal's face changed.

" Don't worry Doctor Lecter," Will said coyly.

" What if-" Hannibal breathed.

" No," Will said matter-of-factly, shaking his head with impatience. " You took care of that." He nodded to his smile across his tummy, even it was erect and ready to be devoured.

Hannibal growled, advancing quickly, and when their bodies found home once against in each other's warmth. Everything made sense again.

It was slow, touches dragged out, carving their names in sweat and blood. Limbs tangled and friction building. Hannibal's lips were everywhere on Will, his tongue lapping up his taste as the head of his cock thrusts deep inside his omega. Will nails bite into Hannibal's shoulders as he starts to climb, up and up and away into a cloud of pleasure.

The two men, all moans and whimpers, growls and ah ah ahs. They rock together, to broken puzzle pierces finding home, finding bliss.

" Yes, god, bite me again, I want to be covered in you, always, tattoo your teeth on my flesh, fuck." Will babbles blue eyes hazy as his tongue ventures into Hannibal's mouth. The iron of his own blood is almost sweet when submerged in Hannibal's saliva.

Will's instincts to be bred are stronger than he thought they would be, but after everything, he still shouts. " Knot now, H-Hannibal, I'm-"

" Such a cunning boy you are." Hannibal huffs, seemingly close to the edge, both men's thighs shake with the bed a the thrusts become more desperate. " Begging for alphas knot, so good for me, " Hannibal swallows Will's lips, and as he does one last shove he entered the omega completely. They gasp into each other's mouths. Hannibal keeps eye contact while he stokes Wills leaking shaft.

" You remember when we first met lamb? " Hannibal pants not looking away, a shade of marron emerging in his eyes. " Eyes tell a lot, their distracting.." Will tired to look away, his whole body glittering on a honey-sweet high...With his free hand, he caught the omegas chin, forcing him to look in his eyes as he comes. " Tell me, Will, what do my eyes say?" Will shivers as his cock spurts at the sight of Hannibal's blood-red eyes. He cries as his neck is bitten, Will is held close, limp, and pleasure shocked from his own orgasm, his sweaty back stroked as Hannibal finishes deep in him.

" I told you we couldn't survive separation. " Will sighs, Hannibal's knot still inside him as the alpha cradles his omega, side by side on the spoiled sheets, that will once again need a changing.

Red

Chapter Notes

> Hey Everyone! Sorry, I haven't updated in forever but now we can get back on track! Thanks for reading!!! <3

Will nuzzles into his soft grip. Thumb brushing over bitten lips and rosy cheeks. The two men lie together, legs intertwined, heart rates coming down from an effortless high.

Hannibal’s eyes gaze to his lover's face, his lips part as if to speak, but is left wordless at the sight of his naked catlike mate snuggled up against him after all this time.

“ What? What are you looking at?” Will asks softly, nosing at the alpha's palm that is still holding his face.

Hannibal’s eyes dilate, golden honey brown turns a tinge red, then as if chased away his eyes fall down.

“ What is it?” Will asks, Hannibal’s thumb is stoking over his stubbly face, he hasn’t shaved since he got to Florence.

Hannibal’s gaze lifts as he whispers, “ Your, just so beautiful Mylimas,” Hannibal presses his forehead to Wills, sighing. “ I can’t help but wonder...” Hannibal pulls away some

will shifts gaining back the closeness of the embrace.

“ Wonder what?”

“ What-“ A heavy sighs leave his lover's lips. He stokes his still sweaty shoulder. Hannibal leans into the touch, then meets Wills eyes again, this time with tears rimming the waterline.

“ I guess I don’t wonder.” Hannibal pauses. “ I know,”

“Wh-“

“He would have looked like you, you know, our son. “ Hannibal's voice was rough.

Will sucked in a tight breath. “ I-“

“ He would have had your curls, your daring blue eyes.”

Will's heart was swelling, it felt tight like an air balloon was trapped inside. Hannibal stops speaking for some time. He just rubs his face and neck over Wills. Scenting him as he begins

to cry.

Hannibal Lecter never cries.

“Hannibal are you-“

“Yes,” He replied quickly, then his tongue swiped Wills scent glad.

He was using Wills scent to comfort himself Will realized. He piled him close.

“ When's the last time you cried, Hannibal?” Will asked stoking the alpha's naked back as he felt warm wetness at his neck from both sloppy kisses and tears.

“ Not since-“ He sniffled, nuzzling more, hands wrapped around his omega. “ Not since someone very important to me died, a long time ago.”

Will kissed at his cheek.

Mischa.

He knew the only person his mate ever loved was his sister.

“ Shhh. It’s okay, I’ve got you”

“ I don't let myself feel as much as I should. I repress parts of myself that are drawn from rawness and rage."

Will pet his mates graying hair, stroking the rarely vulnerable man in his arms. " And yet you inflict the pain you won't dare yourself to feel on others, on me."

" Do you hate me?" Hannibal's voice was muffled as his teeth sunk into Will's nape, Will shuttered. This was a place, in his arms where Will knew he couldn't move backward anymore. Only strides forward were left, leaving the past and its shambles behind to run straight into the man who stole his heart and mind away, the only place he could be free.

" No." Will placed a kiss on his temple, " Not even if tried, " Will sucked in a shaky breath, and wrapped his arms tight over Hannibal's strong back. " And I have, tried." A small smile on Will's lips was wetted by his own tears.

"Can you ever forgive me?” Hannibal croaked, voice raspy, “ For what I’ve done to you, to us? “ Hannibal stroked the mark on Will's stomach lightly with an open palm.

Will debated that thought for some time before whispering into his ear “ I think I’ve begun to.”

The night was rough, Hannibal's senses seemed at an all-time high, every noise startled him, the breeze through the window where will would have made his last steps still haunted him. Cold sweat turned to outright tousled heat and zaps of hunger.

He turned, gripping his omega by the waist to pull him flush to him, needing his scent, the feel of his equally heat-stricken flesh made the fire inside him burn in a higher frequency. He mouthed at the mating mark on Will's pale neck, nipping and darting his tongue over the once broken skin. His body tensed and beveled at any slight movement Will made, the soft whines from his throat, the way he clung to him even in the deepest of sleep. His omega lay close, like a rag doll, hot and wet and pliable. And *his*.

He grumbled in and out of consciousness, his body reacting to the one thing it hadn't done in quite some time.

Not since that rainy night in Baltimore...The night he almost killed Will.

Even his is sleeping stricken self could feel it creep up and sink fangs of its own deep into him. Hannibal hated the lack of control a rut provided, the rage, the lust... He repressed the urges to maim, to pulverize, and kill everyone in short proximity to him. He took alpha suppressants in his youth to avoid the carnage a rut would bring, that or confining himself to chains. It would be an end to all his freedom, his ability to kill and hunt outside the ring of red haze. A controlled, meticulous environment. Once that wouldn't leave sloppy bodies behind and evidence to lay about... No, The Chesapeake Ripper was a man not ruled by savagery and instinct, but by power, pleasure, and careful thoughtful planning that had kept him out of the limelight and kept his dinner from becoming prison food,

But now, in the arms of the only thing that could cause such a predicament, Hannibal was unprepared. Hungry with anticipation, with *need.*

The need to feel blood run down his chin as his tongue was stronger every moment, He ached to be splashed with the pulsing river of life that flowed out of a victim's veins. Yes, and he knew just the man to start with... Hannibal crawled out of Will's loosened embrace, and into the night on a moonlit hunt for breakfast.

Will woke to the smell of blood...It clung thickly to the roof of his mouth and tongue. Not his own and not Hannibal's, but laced with fear and salt.

Slowly he craned his still sore neck to see the disheveled face of a man, or what's left of one... He is tied to a chair in the main room beside the bed. And in the steaming morning light, Hannibal's eyes are red, huge, and vicious.

Rut.

A chill runs down his pale back, Will scents the air around him, it's still thick of last night's activities... ones that now have left his alpha bloodthirsty and smiling down at him with a fanged grin. He sucks in a quick breath before assessing the sight of an Italian man his mate has tied up. He wiggles but to no avail, the restraints are too tight, the bonds thick and straps

heavy. Will's eyes flick to the exposed throat pulsating with the nervousness, quickening the flow of blood.

“ This,” Hannibal gestures, “ Is our meal this morning” Blood coats the victim's pants and shirt, his sleeves ripped near clean off.

“ H-Hannibal-“ Will starts, rising from the bed.

“ He knows too much,” Hannibal turns, dancing around the captive like an animal demining its catch. “Don’t you Professor Sogliato, he’s been suspecting me since I left Pazzi hanging on the Capponi library wall. Clever for an art dealer, even more so for how pompous he was when we first met, hmm” He trails a finger down the mans shivering body, gathering sweat and blood then moving it into his mouth with a pop as his elongated fangs peek out his cherry red lips. “ The night I killed a man for his position at the Capponi and this lovely little flat”

“ Hannibal your-“ Will had never seen the alpha in rut, only a glimpse of red eyes in passionate affairs, but this was... different.

“ Come lamb," Hannibal's fingertips dance across Will's shoulder blades. "It's fresh..." Will's pupils dilate, mouth-watering at the mess before him. Wavering a moment before he dares and indulges in the dark. His fingertips reach the soon-to-be corpse of a man, the pads dip in liquid deaths red rough while the back of his brain tells him he can't resist. A hand rests on the small of his back.

" ***Have a taste.***" Hannibal hums from behind him. Wills breath hitches at the tone, an alpha command, he blinks, mouth opening as his ears were raked with the victims almost pitiful scream. A plump tearing of dripping meat carved by Hannibal's claws was now in his sightline, the chunk making a wet trail across the floor, a mess.

Will tries to speak but then the still warm mound dangling on his lower lip enters his waiting mouth to be devoured, raw. Wills whole body had chills, every cell, and every inch of skin was alight with the most lustful burning sensation. The acidic irony taste was profound, the warmth, the reality of what he was doing...Of what he was enjoying.

The alpha felt Will swallow the flesh down, his dark caress over the omegas bitten throat, an act of dominance. Will, mouth now empty, panted.

" More? P-please."Will's voice was small, he nuzzled the alpha's fingers as they passed his lips. Hannibals eyes blazed with firey amber as a smile graced his bloodied mouth.

" Anything for you pet."

The Professor screamed as the pair took turns shredding him alive, pieces flying every which way in a gluttonous frenzy until he was no more than a hunk, a gutted mantle. Will slipped, pulling the alpha down on top of him in the mess of blood and fluids. He arched his back keening, wanting Hannibal now more than ever if at possible.

Will skimmed his fingers over the older man's face, lining it with blood from their kill, " How did I ever live without you?" His eyes scanned the endless depth of Hannibal's eyes, his fangs

covered in red.

Hannibals rumbling chest meets him, then those eyes give a look that melts him down to the bottom of his bones, " You never again have to be," Hannibal's mouth moved over Will's mark as his body further pressed into the omega, rubbing him, smelling him... He could feel the massive length rutting up against his naked thigh. " Your ***mine.***" It's more a growl than anything else. Hot breath bluffs over Will's face as he shimmies leaning side to side, gripping at the alphas pants with haste, and setting him free from the fabric confines.

" Ahh, oh god." Will moans, nails carving into Hannibal's shirt as the alpha roughly fucks into his boy's hole. " Mmm." He whines panting as the alpha savagely takes him. Will grabs on to Hannibal's silvering blond hair, the two slide on the blood-slicked floor, bodies perfectly fitting together. " Yours."

I, follow.

" Strange hands, taking my wrists again, somehow, I'm still alone."

Mumbles grew louder and Will tossed in sleep. Silk. Warmth and softness at his fingertips...*Maybe it was all a dream.* If it wasn't the strong smell of bleach that woke him it was the incessant booming voice hovering over him.

" William, we don't have much time-" Hands shook him.

" Mm Hannibal." Will murmured against the sheets. Wait, sheets. Like headlights into eyes after too much to drink, Will squinted. Will shot up, eyes widening, heart beginning to pound out of his chest. He looked around frantically, the room still smelt of blood, there were towels built up in the corner of the skin, redded and pink with a fluid necessary to breathe. Will slowly lifted his hands, avoiding the prying noise of his mate close to his ear.

Will was shaking as Hannibal snapped his focus back, " Will, will your alright. " A warmth-filled hand stoked his back, he shivered as the events of the night came crawling back into his brain like an unwelcome invader trying to claim his madness. Hannibal's hands lifted his chin, and eye to eye with the monster he called home, he truly saw the difference in his face.

" Hannibal, "Will's eyes darted to the kitchen cleaners and the empty chair, then back. " What's happening, what's wrong?" Hannibal's thumb rubbed the stubble on Will's cheek and with the faintest shade of marron still left in his eyes he sighed.

" We have to leave Will," Hannibal's voice was raspy as if he had been yelling into an empty space for hours.

" W-what? " Will shifted but slid further in the bedding. He was Hannibal's nightclothes, not a drop of blood remaining, except the copper underneath his nails.

" We're leaving, now, I packed us light but we'll have more time to talk about this-" Hannibal's face was pained, he wouldn't look Will in the eye. Will snatched his jaw, alining them once again.

" Hannibal I- I don't understand we just got here... *I just got to you.* "

Hannibal's chuckle was low, almost uncharacteristic. " I got most of the mess cleaned but we-" His mouth snapped shut, he licked his teeth, and began again, " I can't risk you being taken away from me." Hannibal's hot breath met Will's still face, his features stonelike, his blue eyes glimmering with the murkiness of tears begging to fall. Hannibal stoked Will's curls. " I-"

" You're not leaving me, your not-" Will blurted, face blazing. His mouth was soon covered, tongue tasting the bleach on Hannibal's skin.

" Never, never would I leave you." Hannibal's arms enveloped his omega, he felt him rattle against his skin. Will nuzzled and softened as Hannibal's scent, half covered up by all the cleaner entered his nose. He burrowed into his alpha's neck.

" I won't put you at risk mylimas, I have gained some control, but it won't last, and if I'm not..." Hannibal's voice broke in the slightest of sounds, " We need to get to my nearest safehouse," He pulled from the embrace finally. Will sniffed, eyes red irises golden glow set on his lover. " My focus is to get you safe and to prevent anymore impulse kills like this one. Jacks still out there-"

" Shh, I know. I understand. " Will calmed the alpha with his tone and touch. " Rut is...different for every alpha, but from what I've seen...You really can't control it, can you? Are you afraid-" Will gulped. " Are you afraid you'll hurt me?" Their breath mingled as the two blinked, silence induced.

Hannibal buried his noise in Will's neck, drinking him in, his oxygen, and the holy source of this dismay. " Y-yes." The word came out broken, mangled in a cloud of shame and fear. Hannibal was never scared, but the thought of waking up in a pool of Will's blood... It was breaking him. Hands gripped his face, the warmth of soft lips pressed into his mouth. He moaned in Will's mouth as a tear slipped from his shut eyes. The kiss deepened, the taste of Will's spit in his mouth made his body light up, notches of his spine felt as if they had been cracked and he'd become jelly. And in one small, small moment he felt the singe of hostility bite his tongue, and it took too much of him to break away. With a hand pressed to his mate's chest he made a distance between their two bodies. To suns burning each other up.

" Okay." Will's voice was a small pant. " Okay, just what- what do we do with the body?"

" That's the easy part, " Hannibal said pulling away slow, " The remains that could be salvaged are already packed away, the rest will hopefully be unrecognizable to the local police."

" Hopefully. " Will said, " And the hard part?" Will asks.

Hannibal gets up from the bed, facing away from him, head up to the ceiling. A heavy sigh falls from his lips and his whole body twitches at the thought. " Home, I'm going home."

Rubber boots step on *near*-pristine wooden floors. The glass cabinets sparkle with a shine of recent buffing. The beta males move through the apartment swiftly until they find the body, it's all but carved away husk that is, jaw empty of teeth, the empty sockets resembling those of dentureless old woman with the gum line cleaned of all blood. The stumps were the fingers tips once were, cleanly hacked off with measure. The chest cavity all but empty of any remaining fleshy-like things.

" Don't poke at it, Derek!" One of the men, tall and muscular, shouts at one gloved figure to close for comfort to the corpse.

" Sorry, i-"

" Mr. Verger wants this place spotless! The cadaver comes with us, we'll need a scent dog tracker for what's left of this pile of human garbage...whoever they were. ."

" He was- Whoever he was." Derek piped to his superior hand raised like a child.

" Well, that narrows it down plenty! " The tall man shouts as he passed through the kitchen. " Nowhere in this place goes untouched! I want all of you on your hands and knees scrubbing. The local police can't know we or they were ever here. Mason wants this case to himself.."

The group combs through the immaculate apartment for hours, removing bedsheets and pillows from the bed just to find one single hair in the sheets. The dark curled strand is bagged quickly. " Call Grayson," The tall man commands, taking off his gloves and shoving them in a sealed bag. " We'll need to see about that dog now."

Beverly shuffled through paperwork, three hideous nights of an all-out turf war had come to an end...And all that was left, was the bodies in the lab and the files at her fingertips. Or that's what they all wanted her to believe. The alphas in Baltimore were getting restless ever since the F.B.I had bagged The Black Eyed Butcher last month, the activity in the streets and amount of bodies was growing higher in numbers...If they *only* had their star profiler here, to assess the damage, make sense of the madness. But Will's all too well-timed 'fishing trip' had run far too long for her to consider it to have ever even been real. She took off her blue latex gloves throwing them in tho the metal bin with a ting...

Bev passed her coworkers with a slip to the side, avoiding their usual small talk and uncomfortable PDA. Moving swiftly to the target of her parking space in the concrete sea with keys in hand she opened the door and put the destination in the GPS.

Her brain batted around numerous ideas while she drove the route she *should* know well by now. Where was he? Was he safe and what was so important her just dropped everything and vanished, let alone lied to get out of doge...Or so she suspected. Every time she drove out to watch Will's dogs their was a feeling at the bottom of her gut, her alpha instincts lead her to an assumed truth, one that made her stomach churn.

She didn't bother calling Jack, he had enough to deal with being the new head of the department.

" *Arriving in 10 minutes.*" The automated message blared through car speakers.

" Geez Will, you really do live out in the middle of bum fuck nowhere." She chuckled as the car started to hit the unpaved roads, bits of gravel crunched and popped under the weight of her snow tires, still left on from last month's storm. The words she had said to him before he left hung in her brain.

" Be kind to yourself Graham, I know things are hard, but you deserve to be happy..."

Beverly squinted as she rolled up the hill, eyes catching on a white house, the porch light still on, just as she'd left it the day before.

" *Arrived.*" The voice seemed to echo.

" Shit, Jesus could that be any louder." She shouted, caught off guard and eyeing the eerie glow of the lamp, and her hopes for a certain someone to be home. She blew her dark hair out of her face putting the car in park, her black boots hit the ground, but they only made a few steps before the sound of barking caught to her ears.

" Hey guys, remember me?" She plunged the key into the lock and opened the door, setting the must slipping out into the front yard, their ears up heads tilting. They ran circles around each other like they did each time she came to feed and check on them. Looking for someone. She rangled them with the promise of treats, patting their fuzzy heads and giving the lot of them individual attention.

" Who's a good boy? " She ruffled Winston's fur, trying to cheer the pup up, in his eyes, you could see how much he missed Will, how much they all did. She set her keys down on the kitchen table and got to work. Pouring each dog its special amount of food order by Will in the spiraled note he had given the night he left, and sighing when the deed was done. She checked their water bowl and as her eyes came up the rest on the counter they caught on a receipt shoved into a cabinet halfway. At the moment laid before her, the curiosity had been convincing enough to move her fingers to snatch the thin paper, her eyes skimmed the reddish ink, bright and unfaded... A new print. The letters came together to detail one purchase. One expensive, unusual purchase...

' One Linoleum knife, wooden handle, express shipping '

Beverly sucked in a strong breath, this was not an everyday item... Her fingers felt the paper lost in thought until she sensed the back of the paper was...indented. She flipped the stip over only to find one word carved in ballpoint ink...

" *Revenge.* "

Border Patrol

Chapter Summary

> Road Trip! *Beep Beep* 🚗
> Language Translation will be in notes. 🍾

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal's knuckles twitched on the brown leather steering wheel of his newly acquired ride. He had bought a car with cash, stuffed it full of all he's loved until it was all set for the grueling 24-hour journey back to where he began... The rain splashed on the hood of the car, a heavy melody before the moon, one his beloved was too tired to see or hear. Will was resting, slumped against the interior of the Bently, not too much like the one back in Baltimore. His still-damp curls bounced in the vibration of the vehicle as it skids through the highway at more than legal speeds.

" *50 miglia dalla A23 Vienna* " The interstate sign flashes, the reflective paint glowing in the dead night, shining through the dash. The night slowly turns into day, Hannibal can smell the heat hit the rubber of the tiers, the sun coming out of its cotton plush hideaway. Rays of sunlight fall on his mate's twisted features, his little whimpers of ragged sleep making it hard for the older man to keep a focus on the road...The endless road. With an outstretched finger,

he soothes over Will's cheekbone, rubbing just below the hairline. Will sighs, mumbles, and licks his lips, and for a moment his eyes flutter but then get pulled back into the deep. Hannibals hand lingers at the sweet heat for a moment before it two is pulled back from the edge.

Hannibal's thirst for his mate can wait, now was a time to put distance between him, and the mess he had created. How could he have been this careless? He couldn't stop thinking about that night in the pouring rain, the scent of blood, the tang of it on his tongue all too familiar, but even so he couldn't see what was right in front of him. Blinded by rage, a rage that claimed the possibility of fatherhood, of caring on his genes, of...Loving Will properly.

Even now in the air as it circulates through the rattling car vents, he can still smell it, still, feel the curved blade in his clenched fist. He felt the minutes roll by as thoughts swarmed him, the road transforms, holding him as a bottle of whiskey holds a man lips laced with promises of acquittal.

The only thing keeping him alive, the faint sound of his mate breathing next to him, and the hope the turbulent tongue beside him hadn't lied about its road to forgiveness...

Will groaned and rubbed his head against the seatbelts hold, eyes fluttering open as his pink tongue darted across his parched lips. " Are we almost there?" His voice came out gruff, he rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand and sat up slow.

A rumble came from deep inside his mate's throat, not a purr nor a growl it didn't fail to enter Will's ears making him shiver. " No, no beloved. We're fifty miles north of Vienna, merely a quarter of the way there."

" What?" Will gasped, eyes flicking about the cabin in search of water. " I- I felt like I was sleeping for- a lot longer than that." His tongue felt like cotton in his mouth as his hands gripped the silver-built canister, the inside, ice water. He gazed at the substance, it shimmered and he gulped. Water tricked past his bruised neck, down his chin, and to the car floor.

" And what did you dream of this time beloved?" Hannibals voice while sweet, felt far away. Will's head faced the wet window as he felt fingers grip his chin, a thumb rubbing in the wetness, he sucked in a breath, turning. Hannibals eyes were still on the road... " You've made a mess, haven't you?"

" Y-yes. I-"

" No matter, I'm sure you are just parched from-" His voice cut off like a cable line.

" From what Hannibal?" Will's eyes, bluer now in the moon's glow, fixed on the whiteness of his mate's knuckles, the grip, the change in his voice...It was becoming hard for him to be in

close quarters with the omega, he was sure. Sighing he put a hand through his hair and watched the lines in the road appear and disappear, like faded thoughts from a dream.

" You were saying her name, Will, screaming it In your slumber." Hannibal's voice came back into his head, he blinked.

" Who's name? Who are you talking abou-" Will's lips stopped, he blinked harder, rain of the windshield became a blur, his mind enveloped a mystery he hadn't brought to daylight in some time. " *Abigail.*" He breathed. Mind flashing her hospital bed like playing cards in his mind. The needle, the admittion, of evil, of uncleanness and the life she thought he didn't deserve to have.

Hannibal said nothing, simply changing lanes in a flash, "Why didn't you wake me.."

" I was curious." Hannibal's tone lacked bitterness, but still, just the smell of him in the confines of the circulating air made Will on edge. Sparks of heat erupt onto his skin, body still flush from his past heat, not quite sated, still thirsty...

" Of what? How many times I would scream bloody murder before walking myself up? Hannibal that's cruel-"

" Will." Hannibal's monotone voice cut him off before he could properly explode.

"What?" His voice snapped.

" I'm going to need you to calm down-"

" *Calm down*?!" He huffed, he could feel his face, feel the heat in his cheeks rise higher and higher.

" Yes, there's a Toll up here in a minute, were passing tho-"

" I Don't care what were passing Hannibal, you *do not* tell me to-"

// Hranice České Republiky //

The alpha glances at the passing sign, " *Dear boy* it's for your own good, there are patrolmen, we need our passports, be a dear and get them will you?" This time Hannibal's tone took a turn, his eyes gleamed red as he spoke through his fanged teeth, Will nodded, obeying the alpha.

His shaking hands rumbled through the bags in the backseat, the sounds and smells of other alphas drew closer by the second, Will's heart fluttered like a caged bird as only one of the passports was uncovered underneath the mess. " Hannibal I-" He stopped dead, the loud tapping in the glass startled him out of verbs, and he began cowering behind Hannibal's shoulder like a field mouse.

" Pässe und Papiere Bitte." Two men leaned against the Bently, guns holstered with the large branding of ' *Poliezi* ' on their reflective yellow and silver jackets.

Hannibal snarled when their eyes hit his omega but quickly pulled himself together enough to reply, anything but cooly..." Give us a moment." The words nearly sprayed out of his tightly clenched jaw, eyes digging into the men. The border policemen shied away and as they did Will's nostrils faired as he identified the now evident scent of two alphas, sweat began to fall down his still bruised neck as he reached for the singular passport and handed it to his alpha with clammy hands.

The men moved swiftly to take the papers and scoffed. " I'll do you the privilege of speaking in a tongue we are all acquainted with, Mr," He said looking down at the name, " Fell." He handed the paper to his partner their eyes looked over the newly faked copy made specifically in this case. Hannibal's shoulders were rigged, his breath came out in huffs, eyes dilated and fixed watching the patrolmen's every move. Will's hand softly rubbed the small of the alphas back instinctively as the men flicked their eyes upward.

" I see you're omega isn't listed on the companion part of this document, " The taller of the two spoke with hardly any accent from before.

Will, now remembering his was *technically* now Hannibal's property and the law of any major country has to legally see a mated pair as a single passenger..." We met in Paris," He spoke up. peering between the alphas, presenting as small and weak, " What can I say we hit the ground running, I am completely, " Will tilted his neck, knowingly sending waves of omega scent directly towards the now salivating simpletons, as well as showing all the deep scars laid by his alphas sharp teeth, " Completely his. In every way possible. And if theirs a problem..."

The men both coughed wiping their mouths and collecting themselves, " No, no. No problem, you guys are free to pass,"

" H-have a good day." The smaller of the two stuttered, his maroon-filled eyes showed through the lowered glass as he handed the paper, ink slowly coming off from bits of saliva that lubricated its pages now, back to Hannibal. Who quickly stashed it back into the brown duffle and started the engine. The Bently spurred forward tires rolling in dried mud and gravel, lunging quickly onto the road ahead.

" Hannibal!" Will shouted, noticing the alpha foot as it ramed the floor. " Slow down Jesus, Ahh!" The vehicle turned on a dime, dust clouded up around them as the car turned into a ravine, stopping right before the edge as the nose of the car headbutted a tree.

Will coughed, struggling to breathe as the dust puffed in his lungs, he squinted, only to see two red eyes staring into him as the key was removed from the ignition.

In a second Hannibal was on him, scenting him, licking up his neck with an all too hot tongue. " If you ever, do that again-"

" Do what? Save our asses? Because I'm pretty sure I-"

" Your *mine!*" Hannibal snarled, teeth bared, veins in his neck bulging, ready to lose control.

Will's eyes went wide, breath panting out of him, his lips quivered as he whispered, " You know it wasn't like that."

" You know I can't control myself, " He growled, teeth showing, ready to exact snap at any moment. The way Will spoke to them, it was tearing him apart. He pounced, rapping his fist around the omegas throat, Will made strangled noises but didn't fight. Hannibal squeezed and squeezed, the omega did nothing, just stared back at his mate, red and glassy-eyed until...

Will gasped for air, his hands replacing the alphas, rubbing the tenderness. The look in Hannibal's eyes was one of a wounded animal.

" I don't want to hurt you," His voice broke, mind betraying him, flashing to those same sights of Will on the floor in his kitchen, bloody and broken. " I never- I never wanted to hurt you."

" Shh, I know, I know." Will gains closeness slowly, heart racing as a tear slips past his eye.

"Will." Hannibal wined, eyes still red. " It's to temping, I-" He buried his face into the omegas neck, breathing in his essence, wetting it with tears " I want to go back there and tear their throats out, Will, " He pressed his forehead to his mates, the air thinned around them as spark were set off in Will's stomach, Hannibals eyes watered. " Will, stop me. Please, I-" He choked. Will grabbed his hand, he violently pulled away, distancing himself, huffing. " I can't handle hurting you. " He said quietly. The great Chesapeake Ripper brought down by love, castrated and un-murderous in the name of his mate, his soul. He had to hang on long enough to get back to the Lecter estate...There he could suffer the ends of his rut chained and alone, and without access to any last-minute blood baths. He wouldn't get them caught, not now, not when he finally has Will back.

" We just need to drive," Will said sniffling and re-buckling his seatbelt. " We just need to get out of here and go and- God." Will's calm exterior slowly slipped and fell into nothing. " I can't lose you." He whispered, tears dropping.

The car grumbled as the key was pushed in. And the faint ebb of lover's words fell from the alpha's mouth.

Chapter End Notes

Czech republic border = // Hranice České republiky (Czech)

50 miles from A23 Vienna = // 50 miglia dalla A23 Vienna (Italian)

Pässe und Papiere Bitte = // passports and papers please (German)

i will possess your heart

Through fluttering eyelashes of a once heavy sleep, Will set his very first sights on the Lecter Estate. The black gates iron thick and covered in overgrown spiles of foliage that wrapped themselves around the rusting metal. The metal emblem of ownership and neglect shined through the center points in the massive doorway, the glint from still bronzed metal shined through Will's eyes, making them water.

The Bently's tiers rolled to a stop, the ignition clicking, they had come a long way, or so it seemed in only one day. Head still rolled to the side, Will could hear the heaviness of the alphas breath, felt the tremours from his mates hands and shoulders rain down like a miniature avalanche.

" Han-" Will tired, but before he could form the words properly, the man was already on his feet, heading to the metal frames that towered above his frame. Hannibal, saying nothing and wavering nowhere took steps towards the doorway.

" What are you-?" Will's voice called out at the sight of Hannibal's body beginning to scale the structure. " Don't you have a key or-"

" Tell me, Will, " Hannibal huffed out teeth gritted and jaw tight as he lowered his body off the side of the massive spikes. " Do you expect us to materialize inside the gates darling?" Hannibal said, a sneer, a huff of pre-palpitated anger. His eyes making contact with a blood rush of heat to Will's face...Blood red and dilated. They didn't have much time.

Will swallowed thickly as he gripped the cold metal, he hooked both feet in the rails, and with the weight of his body, he propelled himself to the top. Once he realized how far up he truly was, he began to sweat. And as he felt the wetness hit his throat, his blue eyes snuck the view of the alpha, nose up to the air, Hannibal's tongue darts over his red lips.

" I can catch you," Hannibal moves close, but still far away, his arm open, " If you prefer." Will blinks, chills run through him, some definitely from the height, some not. He finds himself looking down the dirt floor, the unforgiving cold landing...He wouldn't land properly shaking like this. But he contemplates if close in the alphas arms is any safe.

Never the less Will falls. back to the wind only to be swept up by warmth and strong arms of his alpha. Hannibal scents him, grunting, mouth opening to taste when...

Their moving. At a fast pace, kicking up dirt and bits of rocks in their path. Will clutches onto his mate for dear life as the side of Hannibal's body collides with a solid.

Slam!

The door, wood, splitters.

Another hit, Will's body is jarred, yet he hangs on, eyes closed, fear jolting through him in spiked waves, like a boat being cast to bits on rocks in a storm.

Until it stops, and the only sound is the heavy breath of Hannibal's breathing and the soft dripping of water. Their indoors. This much is clear. But where? Will coughs as dust clouds swirl around them.

The tight grip on his weans and he was put down on what seems like solid ground.

" This place... " Will says, adjusting, His breath runs cold seeing the deep claw marks on the stone walls. " This isn't the first time you've been here." It was a question, more of a realization of how his mate had spent his ruts in years past, he gulps down the almost foreign empathy for a man he once wanted to kill.

" No," A ghost of him said somberly, his footsteps into the dark were met with the flicking on of lamplight, now cascading across walls like flames.

" My aunt adopted me when I was 16." Hannibals features were even more pronounced in the broken yelloed flickers, his high cheekbones and animalistic jawline popped like oil paints on a canvas. " She and my uncle had the largest herbal remedy company for the ails of omegas and alphas in Europe. Here, in Lithuania is where they thrived for many years before they were both killed for their *supposed* secrets to their most popular remedy. " He kicked the ground, it bloomed with age-old dust. " Castle Lecter has been abandoned for some time now, I only justified coming back to spend my ruts here until another safe house was made ready in the years to come. "

Will crunches the ground on the way to where the alpha is standing, he can smell him, so strongly even in here, wherever here was. He reached out to touch the face of a man so bold asto capture his heart in the worst way, but the older man flinches away.

" Will, I need you to tie me up," Hannibal says abruptly and almost without feeling.

Will blinks, taking in the darkened room... A shed? No. His eyes trial the stone walls and metal cufflinks, the temperature has seemly dropped, a chill runs through him. A cellar.

" Will!" Hannibal's shouting snaps him out of his haze. Water drips on his cheek from above, he tries to speak blinking rapidly. His eyes trail the silver chains attached to the floor and the ceiling.

" Now please, before I-" Will steps closer with the rattle of chains following him, ricocheting off the walls. Wills feet forcing the alpha into the center of the room, their breath mingling, his lips parting in anticipation. The thick metal chain lifts with the smell of rust, Will wonders if the aging setup can hold his mate. Wills slender fingers take the warm palm within his reach, sparks flow at the slightest of collision, Will represses a moan, bites his cheek, and seals the metal clasp over Hannibal's right wrist with a clank. With a shift to the left, he grips the other restraint, his stubbled cheek just barely brushing Hannibal's face.

Hannibal grunts and pulls forward, jiggling the restraint and nosing at Will's exposed neck. With both men panting the final clack of metal is audibly heard, but Will doesn't move, not an inch.

" I know you won't go for the kill, " Will huffs nosing at the alpha's neck, " You won't hurt me, you could never-" A growl escapes Hannibal's throat, deep and strangled.

" I don't want to test these," The alpha tugs the chain on his left. " They barely held me in my prime, but-"

The alpha is upright, back leaning against a center pillar, wrists pulled tight and chains connecting with the floor metal panels and the bolts on the ceiling. *He's not getting anywhere*. Will thinks almost ludely.

" But what." Will can taste the alphas need for him, chills and goosebumps overtake his flesh, *Hannibal's flesh.* His weakly heat-driven head corrects as his hands run up Hannibals' button-up. He groans, will can feel the hardness digging into his thigh, he wants it. Will seeks him out in a bruising kiss, mouth slack and open for the alpha tongue to take him the way only a bound man can. The alpha's heat is all-consuming and even with the height of his own omega reaction weaning, he can feel the irresistible pull taking him down.

" Will- stop." Hannibals voice is muffled through the sounds of wet hungry mouths clashing with extent need and the near-silent drop of the omegas jeans to the floor. " Its to dangerous- "

“You opened me up to this.. this feeling, this way of life." Will with expert speed begins to unlatch the alphas belt, freeing his suffocated erection and leaving his slacks at his ankles " I was asleep before I met you.” His voice ghosts over the alphas already twitching cock.

“ And now? What do your awakened eyes see” Hannibal pants, licking the leftover taste of his omega off his lower lip.

“ You, me, us, I’ve never known myself as well I know myself when I’m with you,” Will admits, then without hesitation Will drops to his knees, kitten licking up the pre-cum and moaning at its salty taste. He grunts, fucking his slicked hand as he swallows the alphas length to the best of his ability.

Hannibal can smell his mates growing wetness in the air. The chains rattled, he's losing control.... " Will, get back, I will-"

Wills's mouth slips off the alphas cock with lude pop, “ No, I want you, like this, raw and aching for me. You can’t hurt me like this all tied up. “

“Y-you don’t know what strength I h-have “ Hannibals mouth feels like jelly with the pressure in his cock being slugged down so sweetly between his beloved's lips. His back arches as the cuffs dig into his wrists, pinpricks of pain accompanied with swirling pleasure. “ Will, please." His voice comes out a pitiful half growl half moan. He can feel the chains giveing.

“ I just wanna- I just want to feel you, inside me. F-fuck.“. Will positions himself on all fours, scrounging for cock like a starved man. He grinds his ass on the alpha's hardness, using his hand to guide, to slip.

Once the connection is made, there's no going back. Will's skin is a lite with fire and bliss as he rocks his hips vigorously. The sound of wet slapping echoes almost louder than Will's own moans, with his head thrown back he can see the monster that resides inside of him. Red eyes, snarling teeth, fangs that so desperately want to rip, to tear.

" Oh my- god I'm never- I'm never not going to want this, I'm never not going to want you, oh god, please. " Will bites his lips so hard he tastes blood, his body building his release, aching for more of Hannibal's touch even though he knows he can't get it.

A throaty growl and the tang of metal penetrates the air and at the same time, Will feels Hannibal's knot pulsating, aching to be inside his hole. He grides back further, desperate... " K-knot me-" Will's voice is cut off by a strangled sound, his own sound. The weight of a clasped fist is crushing his neck as he's pushed face down to the ground. " Ah, y-yes." Will whines, feeling the alpha surround his now trembling body.

Hannibal covers the omega with his torso, now covered in sweat, pumps his knot in Will's tight entrance till he doesn't know where he stops and Will begins. " I told you, omega-" He nips Will's and drags his teeth down his naked shoulder, caving and marking what's his as his hips roughly rock and pulse. " I told you to stay away." Another sharp bite makes blood flow into the alpha's mouth, a warning to stop, a warning to stay, whatever happens, is fated...and they are one.

Will whines, cock drooling on the floor, his hole aches, he feels full, so very full. " You know I can't do that, " He huffs, " You know what I've be-ccome ah, fuck, I'm, " His whole body is on fire when a rough hand grips his leaking length. " I'm gonna c-cum." Hannibal pounds into him harder, faster, thighs slap, sweat drips, his knees throb as he's mounted like a dog.

" Come for me, my pup, my love," Hannibal's tongue laps over Will's blushing ears as a release so powerful takes him over. He spills hot over Hannibal's fist and collapses. Hannibal chases his mates high, shooting his seed deep inside of his mate as his hole flutters around him.

The pair pant for some time, laying near on top of each other until the flicker of the firelight pass on Will's wounds as he is sleeping. Hannibals eyes scan the new fresh marks his canine teeth had made in a rush of heat and adrenaline. He rolls slowly, delicately off the omega, whipping the blood off of his mouth he sighs. He can still feel the urges tucked away under flesh, feel the ripples in the now sex calmed water. But soon he will thirst for more...

He stands, his gut swirling with desire and something akin to pain. He backs himself up, forcing his feet away from the body lying in front of him. The cuffs arent broken, nearly loos enough for him to slip free. Delicate fingers reach for the restraint and once again find the smallest comfort in suffocating the monster within.

Will wakes in a haze. His body aches, though it's pleasant. He searches for Hannibalonly to find him staring down at him from above, in even tighter more restricting bonds than before. Will quirks his brow and chuckles but finds Hannibal's face to be still, stonelike in texture. " What-"

" Will, I need you to do something for me." Hannibal cut him off blatantly, but not rudely.

Will sat up, gathering the clothes that surrounded him. " Anything." He said, blue eyes flashing gold.

Aethelwulf

" You want me to what?!" Wills voice echoes, a siren song.

" The herb is called Aethelwulf, it will be in the west wing of the estate, a greenhouse that had lied untouched since I was young, it should be flourishing now. Plentiful. -"

" Hannibal, I'm not drugging you! *I'm not,*" Will's hands grasp the chains now digging into his lover's skin, The last words spoken like a whisper on his tongue. Will blinks, attempting to flee away the frustration, it stays.

" Will, look at me." Hannibal's voice sounds strange, still, it beckons the omegas head up to meet the blood-red eyes, brimming with tears. Will grits his teeth, his hand still wrapped around the thick metal.

" You don't need to-"

" I almost killed you." Hannibal spit out in a gasp, he could feel the adrenaline coming back to him again, he knew what they had done was only a temporary fix, a distraction from the real problem.

Will's eyes shift up and down, his throat feels tight at the authenticity of sounds coming from his mate's throat. " *But you didn't.*" Will feels a single tear fall down his cheek at the memory. that night that fateful night he thought he'd lost it all, the smell of copper still stains the inside of his lungs with its sickening swell. " You didn't, I know. I know you didn't mean to," Will's

shaking hand connects with the heated skin above him. He licks his lips, they taste of salt and sex.

" I wanted to." Hannibal feels his lips moving but doesn't feel anything else. " I wanted to tear you apart for what I thought was the ultimate betrayal, I went blind, Will, I saw *nothing* but red. " Strands of greying hair fall onto his face, he can feel the heat rising in his skin, a stream saliva runs thick from his fangs, and Will is too close. " You will do this for me, that is a command." His voice had teeth of his own, he snarled as he felt his beloved pull away, head bowing, a submitance.

. . .

Everywhere was a memory. A glimpse through time to strike the match at Hannibals youth. The times spent locked away in this fairytale of a place, alone.

The structure itself was nothing short of massive, pillars held up the outsides while cobwebs furnished the insides, a tail of death, and life. The musty smell of a home his mate once called home, the evidence that he didn't just one day come to be, not a shadow that took shape, but a man of flesh and blood, beating and pushing just the same, or so it seemed. Will's feet crunched on fragments of chipped wallpaper, gold and sapphire dusted over what was left of high scaping walls that made even god envious of their grandness. The air tasted bitter and of distance, as if the home was speaking, without mouths, without words. But the picture was painted clear for Will, these hallways on the way to the west wing of the manner sung their memories into his nervous bones. He could taste the pain that hung on the stylish dusty light fixtures and clung to faded furniture covered in glossy plastic.

This place was a prison, of Hannibal's mind and otherwise, a trap for his memories that squabbled in the mind of a prolific killer.

The corridor turned narrow, Wil's fingers traced the flaking walls, fingertips cut by aged gold paint until the red lined the hallways.

The air begun smelling differently, of earth and thyme, Will breathed deeply as he entered the threshold of the sealed entryway. He gasped as the world before him dark and dull turned vivid with colors, greens, and blues, sun yellow and rich brown. There was foliage, everywhere... The walls of the greenhouse were lined in thick jungle-like vines that devoured the space and carved out his line of sight. He shifted, his feet inches from crunching plants that flowed like water over the floor, spilling out past their limits and claiming more space to spaun. Will lifted his feet lightly, then decided delicateness, could wait. Pressing his full weight now, the scents of sage and lemongrass wafted around his skin, their gentle kisses like an ocean spray. His blue eyes scanned for something he still didn't know what. He would know when he knew. Will's eyes flashed from section to section of the grassy sanctuary, reading quickly the age-old labels mostly engulfed by time itself. His skin brushed by unchecked wild nature as he dived deeper into the land of the unknown.

Vines bit at his skin, as moist air funneled through unconventional pipes providing live-saving wetness to starved plants.

" How in the hell is this even-" *Possible.* He thought out loud at the miracle of innovation that was this small bubble of life. He walked amongst the leave and dew drops, lifting his head up to the sky-like ceiling to see the vines even there twisting and eating up the space they overgrew. The small word was very much alive, and he was just a visiting flee on its magnificent back.

The time came to scower the labels left by Hannibal's late family. His bloodied fingers traced tag by tag, until...

" There you are."

Nestled between the lavender and rosemary, he nearly missed it. " Aethelwulf." The word left his lips like a prayer. The small bundle of sapphire-edged green leaves stared up at him... He took a breath and plucked.

. . .

Will took the stone-age tools in hand. The granite bowl held the Aethelwulf leaves as well as aloe pulp from the ringed out succulent beside him. Will looked at its deflated carcass and disregarded it. He continued to follow the instruction, mixing the two elements until a gel-like paste was formed.

" The peppermint Will, the peppermint. " Hannibal reminded a very occupied Will, whose extra ingredients for the salve lay gathered on a wooden tabletop in the cellar. Will glared and ground the rest of the herbs with a pinch of sweet-smelling peppermint leaves. Wills hands hurt from grinding, his palms ached as he minced the paste further into a smooth apply able texture.

" Peppermint leaves inspire circulation, " Hannibal huffed, half growling half wincing. The restraints he fixed were close to cutting off circulation, but he couldn't necessarily see that, as a bad thing. " You'll want this working as soon as possible once applied." He finished with a blow of air, shifting his bangs on his forehead.

"Will I?" Wills tone came out harsher, snappier than he anticipated, something about this drastic measure still not sitting right with him, he looked down at his soil-covered shoes and sighed.

Waltzing over to where his mate stood up write in a strangled hold, he held his tongue behind his teeth.

Hannibal's red eyes grazed that of his mates, he could sense the uneasy within him, and with the immediate instinct to soothe, he spoke. " Will, Will, look at me mylimas. *Its okay*." His omega still facing away took in a sharp breath and made contact with his seeing hot flesh. Hannibal moaned as the salve was placed on his temples and base of the neck, his teeth snapped at Will's hand as he quickly rubbed in the remedy.

Will lingers as Hannibal writhes, tears brimming in his eyes seeing the pain he had ultimately caused. He covered his mouth with a choked-out sob, trembled, and stepped out of the line of fire.

" *I'm sorry,"* Will whispered into the back of his hand as his lover goes limp.

The silence is accompanied by Will's rattling heart, the warmth of his tears, and the ache deep in his stomach scar. The hollowness he only knows in his womb to hold is throbbing, his body begging to soothe his mate's pain, his feet planted in place, frozen. What has he done? *What has he done?* The questing ricochets off of his brain until echoes is all he hears, and the cold seeps past his bones.

The ruslte of chains wakes Will from a walking sleep, his eyes, unbeknownst to him, flash gold at the sight of Hannibal's slight movement. His ears peek keenly at the small gravely noise coming from the mouth of his monster.

" Mishca?" A breathy whine escapes him.

Will sucks in breath at the name coming past Hannibal's lips. Immediately, instinctively he comes to his mate's side. " No, no, it's just me, " His eyes wet, trickling past his nose, he aches to touch, to feel the man before him. His hand shakes, outstretched.

Hannibals eyes open, no longer rung with red crimson, but burgundy browns as they meet the cool blue of Will's. " William. " Hannibal smiles sheepishly, and Will's never seen such a sight. He's taken back, against fair warning his lifts his hand to stroke those pronounced cheekbones. To his surprise, the alpha leans in, eyes shut, wetting with tears that hadn't rolled past his lids.

" Tell me," Will clears his throat, " Will you tell me about her?" He whispers soft, hot air from his honey-sweet mouth coaxing, curbing the lion in his cage.

Hannibal, when he opens his eyes looks different, his mouth opens to speak but doesn't, not for a long time. The two stand side by side, Will carressing his mates cheek, smelling his scent mixed with herbs that had taken heed.

Until the silence becomes no more, " She was beautiful." That once sentence causes more chills to flow through Will. He shoves his face into Hannibal's neck and breathes in. Staying close. Knowing his is safe too.

“ It was a harsh winter, and one I shall never forget." Hannibal's voice was soft but like gravel. His scruff rubs against Will's neck. " Our parents had died, orphaned us over a squabble which cost their lives... there is a reason why they say two alphas can’t be together. It’s... dangerous. One way or another I’m still not sure who really killed who.” He sniffed, and the chains clanked.

“ We traveled from place to place for some time, food was scarce, shelter scarcer, I was becoming gradually different until one day a group of soldiers past us by, foolishly I thought they could help somehow, provide some sort of stability. But the longer we stayed in their company the more looks Mischa earned, I was was just grateful for the scraps they would

send our way, that is until the storm hit and the food ran out. We were hold up in a cave for days. Snowed in. Mischa had a terrible cough, I heard it day in and out. Until I didn't." Will felt the air shift.

"That morning I awoke to the smell of stew, the first bit of food I'd seen in over a week. I ate what they gave me. But when I saw the snow had melted I went to go look for her. What I found was just a shell. She was nearly 6 years old, throat bitten out body half-frozen and savagely torn open, pieces of her missing. She was raped. " Hannibal's voice cut out, he sucked in air like a starving man " I knew at that moment what I had eaten, and I knew she wasn't just killed for food. She was on the cusp of presenting omega, the officers mostly alphas has smelt it and quenched their hunger with more than just substance." The words stung worse than the blade Will had inside him once before. He *felt* his mate's pain, as clear as his own.

" I had my first rut then. Rage took me over onto a frenzy of bloodied revenge. Not cured by sex or the urge to fuck but to kill. At 14 years old I single-handedly ended the lives of 4 men, 3 alpha one beta. And I buried my beloved sister's body on a hilltop overlooking the sea." Will slowly pulled away, meeting those eyes, those deep brown halls into oblivion, and understood.

" I never looked back. Not when I came here some odd years later and not when I matured into the man you see before you..." Hannibal fell back into the herbs sway and before long it was morning, Will didn't sleep more than an hour or more. He stood stretching side to side, Hannibal looked down at him for a moment, before his eyes changed.

Light streamed in the wooden door, patched from forced entry upon arrival. Footsteps clustered around him.

" Will!" Hannibal screamed as pain collided with the omegas head, and the world went black.

. . .

Enter Proteus

Chapter Summary

Hey Guys! Sorry, its been so long! New updates coming your way! Hope you enjoy :)

Heels clicked, echoing through the halls of Quantico. And that only meant one thing.

Beverly's eyes widened at Jack's face when the scent of another-however rare- alpha female crossed her nose. " Jack-" She tried to speak before her nose was cut off despite her face as Kade Prunelle, inspector for the office general stode in with a sneer locked in her teeth.

" Beverly, I want you to meet-"

" I know who she is Jack, what I am wanting to know is why she's here? " Bev crossed her arms firmly, but in truth, it was just a nervous tick set into motion by the presence of another alpha, let alone thee alpha who does the dirty job of tracking down rogue agents. Her glossy red hair and upturned lip made the office seem twenty degrees hotter. Bev held in a grumbly growl.

" You know why she's here agent Katz, after what you told me I had no choice-"

" You had a choice! " She raised her voice, almost regretting telling Jack about her findings at Will's home. " It's Will we're talking about not just one of you rogue ye-haw alphas. He's-he's family-"

" I understand miss Katz but he is with a well-known killer and with the recent reports of body's dropping in Europe..."

" There not Hannibals kills." Bev blirts, "The ones you found are unplanned yes?" Beverly walks to Jack's desk picking up files she had read without clearance. " These say that the

blood spatters indicate a kill that was messy and uncalculated. "

" Miss Katz," Jack's voice warned.

" That they were most likely an alpha in rut with a mate gone wrong. *Not* a serial killer," She doesn't know where she's going with this but, she has this sick feeling if she doesn't push back they'll hunt her friend, or what's left of her friend down for sport, no questions, no actual police work, put down now, investigate later. And she couldn't live with herself if what she had done ended up a bullet in Wills's head.

" It doesn't simply matter miss Katz. We know from what you told agent Crawford that he was out to hurt Mr. Lecter, is that right?" Prunelle clicks her tongue, tilting her ginger head clockwise to intimidate.

Beverly huffs, " Yes but-"

"We can't ignore the fact that they're a mated pair. No matter if Graham wanted to hurt Lecter or not. If he got into his physical space..." Her heels click more on the laminate floors, with each clank comes a wave of shivers peering over her shirt.

"You're not saying what I think you saying are you?" Bev shook at the outright lie she was about to hear, her teeth lay hidden in her jaw, but ready to flash any moment.

" Yes, I think I am. Mr.Graham will fall into his biological need to please his alpha, no matter how 'sane' you *think* he is. " Her breath was right behind Bev's ear now... " He will kill, he will cave. He will become the beast that his mate wants him to be. " Beverly instincts are screaming at her to bite Kade's little head off, she forces herself still as Kade whispers..." We are going to find him, and we will put. him. down."

"Where. Is. He?" The bark that came out was strangled by his own lax mouth.

“ What? Thee omega? You shouldn’t worry about such things in your state alpha.”

With his body propped up to meet the eyes of a dirty blonde spiky-haired beta porcupine with Beaty blue eyes... he growled, he wanted to tear them out and feed them to him with a sauce of his innards.

He tried to move, just to leave the chains with helpless giggling and the ticking sound of stirred metal. Everything throbbed and every shallow movement was met with pain like needles through his system...

Maybe the beta was right, maybe Hannibal wasn’t in a particular position to be making demand.. he couldn’t feel anything from the neck down, A mix of the smell of Aethelwulf, And something like gun smoke filled his nose. He was paralyzed, somehow, someway whatever had taken him wasn't blind to remedy Will had concocted for him in what seems

like moments prior and had adjusting the dose to an almost lethality. And at worst, his mate was taken from him, he could still feel him, the scent of his fear had been heightening steadily. He felt boneless, useless to take Will from that fear, that uncertain threat. He grit his teeth, and swallowed blood... soon it would be the blood of the ones who dared to take his mate from him.

“ In the state, you put me in so conveniently or I’d surely be terrorizing your corpse right about now.” Venom seethes through chapped lips and sings like a threat that cant be consemated.

“ Now now there’s no need for anger,” The man smiled lips that curled so delicately over unfanged teeth. “ I have a proposition for you big guy.” Hannibal’s eyes glinted red, what could this cockroach possibly want from him. Seeming the man noticed the gaze, and stopped pacing in front of him.

“ Do you recall a certain someone..” he cleared his throat, “ A certain kill... you coined as of late?” Hannibal opened his mouth In reply- “ Oh no, let me finish doggy.. let me jog your memory shall I?” A twisted smile lay upon his face, and Hannibal wondered if his lips would make good ingredients for stew.

“ A man, one of my best alpha dogs, slipped under the FBI's radar months ago.” The pacing continued, “ A man so successful, so... prolific. He even coined a name... *The Black-eyed Butcher*.” His hands went up as if to show a headline in the space above him. “ He was one of my best. That was before you *ate* him...” the man tilts his head and moves in dangerously close to chomping range.. but he has gained Hannibal’s attention now...

“ Why oh why did you kill my loyal servant? Hmm? “ His eyes met Hannibal's with rhythmic blinking as to scatter a fly.

More anger singed, bubbles over the lines of skin and bindings of metal frames.“ He was under an alias he did not *earn*.” He spat.

“ Oh dear, so the Chesapeake ripper *can* get jealous of another? An interesting concept to hear from such tales of a man who they say is an emotionless monster a man who is only ruled by his hunger.”

“ When the other steals one's prowess. One can expect one's insides being the only useful thing left to salvage.”

" Mmm, that is what I am hoping to give new meaning to, my friend." The man's smile lifted and he moved dangerously close and whispered. " My name is Mason Verger, and I am going to have great use for you."

The rusting smell of iron was the first thing to pass through Will's heightened senses, then the pain In his shoulders and neck. They throbbed, a dull ache spreading with every heartbeat.

Hands covered his throat though they didn't squeeze, but the zap of another touching his skin startled the omega awake. Blue eyes opened, lids that felt heavier than his whole body fluttered in and out of vision.

The room was upside down. Medical equipment was all about the space, blue latex gloves, and metal Petri dishes lined tables...The smell of mint and herbs was still in the air, like a ghost.

Men in white coats with emblems on their pocket squares, two sets of eyes were on him. Watching his body-now hung by his feet- dangled. He tried to move, the rustling woke the slight chime of chains around his legs, he tried to speak, but found his tongue dryly pasted to the roof of his mouth. He managed a whine, stifling up a perfect toothed smile from the man to his right.

" Now none of that kitty cat." The man said, taking off his medical gloves he did god knows what with and tossing them in the trash bin. Will scented the ait around him, desperately searching for Hannibal's scent but instead coming up with a blankness that told him he was being held by no other than a beta male. The man was tall, and had ashy hair, " Here we go, darling." Hands were on his torso, he jerked, heart racing. " Ah ah ah, I'm just getting you suitable for company, " Will wiggled and thrashed as he was strapped to a chair that looked made for dentistry.

Once he saw the world upright again, pain erupted in his neck again. Will moaned, realizing he was being injected, but with what? He began jerking to the side but with the medicine loosening his fight and the straps still held so tight, he slumped. " That's right, calm down,

my master will be will us soon and you better behave." A fingertip touched the ball of his nose, and the man walked away.

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Cool fingers rolled around his jaw as it was pried open. He whined as gloved fingers entered his mouth. A clear liquid in a syringe spit into the dry cavity of his mouth, and he was let go.

Water. It's only water. Will thought, gulping down what was given like a starved man. The man was back, but this time...

" Can't have you dying on us, now can we, not now that we've saved you from that deranged mate of yours." Will's eyes widen to take in a man of average height, cold scaly blue eyes, and windswept hair. " Shh shh, don't worry we took care of that bad man for you." His teeth came out of his insulting face with whimsy.

Wills tears threaten to spill...A waste of precious moisture. His mind goes everywhere, flashing to the last sound he heard from his mate's mouth...A desperate cry for him. Then it hit him, a was of instincts to protect, to disassociate, keep his and Hannibals relationship under wraps, find another narrative to speak on, the truth however could get them both killed. " He wasn't my m-mate."

The two beta male's eyes narrow. The smell of salt on their skin and anesthetic in the air.

" He killed my mate, my unborn pup, and-" He swallowed thick, about to speak words he hasn't to anyone... tongue based in half-truths and lies, " and whatever you do to him he most likely deserves."

" Oh darling, you poor thing you.." The man removes a sterile swatch from what appears to be a vintage cigarette case and dabs at Wills blooming tears.

" We'll take care good of you, won't we?" The blue-eyed man gestured to the other and smiled.

"But first, we have to eliminate...the possibility..." A heated smell trickles in the air and the omega rustles in his bounds. Eyes flashing gold. A blood-covered rag is lifted from a concealed bag, Will's eyes go wide.

The omega gasps in like a long drag of air after a bottomless plunge as the fabric is pressed to his nose. The blood was still warm and fresh.

Hannibal...He was alive.

" You see puppy, we didn't believe a sing word out of your mouth, " The blue-eyed man says taking away the cloth. " The Chesapeake Ripper is you mate, and you love, are the key to getting his submission to the program..." Will's lungs burned as his mop of curls was forcibly pet by his capture.

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